

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS - HAPPY ENDINGS: DOMME DISCOVERS THE PERFECT SUB

PENTHOUSE

LETTERS

KINKY COUGARS

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

COLLEGE KID SHOOTS
AND SCORES

LETTER OF THE MONTH

MASQUERADE BALLIN'

BOLD BEAUTY BEDS
TWO SEXY BEASTS

HOT PURSUIT

BETTER TO BE CHASED
THAN CHASTE!

FEBRUARY 2017

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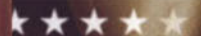
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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



CONTENTS

-
- 4 || **SALUTATIONS**
 - 6 || **PURSUIT & CAPTURE**
It's better to be chased than chaste
 - 14 || **PICTORIAL:
ANA & CHARLIE**
 - 24 || **KINKY COUGARS**
Prowling for a few good men—sex kittens beware!
 - 32 || **PICTORIAL:
AIDRA & SCARLET**
 - 40 || **EROTICA**
The Friendly Skies by Layla Wilde
A frisky traveler enjoys a first-class ride—courtesy of her sexy seatmate.
 - 46 || **LETTER OF THE MONTH**
Beauty and the Beasts
 - 52 || **PICTORIAL:
ELAINA, INDIA & BILLY**
 - 60 || **MY MOST
UNFORGETTABLE LAY**
Nothing says happy birthday like hot three-way sex!
 - 66 || **SWINGING & SWAPPING**
Pass the butter—and your wife, please
 - 74 || **BOOTY TIME**
Getting a little behind in the pursuit of pleasures
 - 82 || **PICTORIAL:
JENNA IVORY**
 - 90 || **CARNALCOPIA**
A piquant potpourri with a little bit of everything
 - 98 || **PICTORIAL:
BRETT & DESTINY**
 - 108 || **TOP 10 SEXY
VALENTINE TIPS**

SALUTATIONS



For some people, February brings up thoughts of candy, flowers, and heart-shaped everything. We've got nothing against a little romance, but here at *Penthouse Letters*, we prefer to skip to the good stuff.

After all, what's the real point of asking someone to be your valentine?

This month, we have an entertaining selection of sexual marvels for you to savor. Pursuit & Capture features sizzling stories about people on the hunt whose erotic fantasies are blown away by red-hot realities. In Kinky Cougars, two insatiable women set their sights on handsome cubs, while another lucky lady has the tables turned when a college-age photographer shoots and scores.

While there are plenty of amorous antics from men and woman on the make, there are also fantastic tales of serendipity. Carnalcopia delivers impromptu encounters from longtime lovers and perfect strangers.

Swinging & Swapping features couples who eagerly orchestrate erotic dalliances and others who enjoy impromptu group gropes. And for the ultimate mile-high fantasy, take a ride with Layla Wilde as you enjoy her entertaining erotica feature, "The Friendly Skies."

And for those craving sugar and spice, check out this month's *Penthouse Variations* selections, which include bondage games, wickedly devious dommes, and plenty of happy endings.

-The Editors

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EDITORIAL

Executive Editor Barbara Pizio
Contributing Editors Gram Ponante
 Alison Tyler
Publisher Kelly Holland

ART

Creative Director Angela Derasmo
Art Director A.G. Nelson
Photo Researcher Zack Korn

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

WILLETT ASSOCIATES
 Philip & John Willett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Advertising Inquiries advertising@penthouse.com

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/ INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

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PRODUCTION

Production Coordinator Victor Gonzalez
Photo Researcher Zack Korn

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue,
 Chatsworth, CA 91311
 Tel: 310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

Los Angeles, CA 310-280-1900

SUBSCRIPTIONS

800-333-2802

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Palm Coast Data
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 Palm Coast, FL 32142
 800-333-2802
 penthouseletters@emailcustomerservice.com

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LETTERS

▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

■ RIDE HARD

There she went again! I gunned my motorcycle and sped toward the cloud of dust. These badlands were wide and empty, a great place to test the bike engines I rebuilt for a living. But for the past week this vixen on a dirt bike had been buzzing me like a mosquito.

She never came near enough to let me get a good look, but I had the impression of a taut young body. And she sure as hell knew how to ride. Right now, ahead of me, she was zigzagging through the low rock formations like she born to it. She wore a bright blue sweatshirt and black jeans.

Dust speckled the visor of my helmet. The desert sun beat down. My bike growled mightily underneath me. Engines I worked on always had that extra punch.

Even so, the girl turned around on her seat and raised her middle finger insolently toward me. Then she twisted her throttle and shot away at a dizzying speed.

Plainly, she wanted me to follow, and I was too pissed off and too intrigued not to take the bait. Who was this female? Why was she out here taunting me?

I knew these miles and miles of flats. Almost nobody came out here. She was well ahead now, out of sight. But I picked up her tracks. She could swerve and circle all she wanted. Today I was going to catch up to her and find out what the hell she wanted with me.

Suddenly, though, I squeezed the brakes. Something lay on the parched ground. For just a second I thought it was her. But when I hopped off and ran over, I saw it was a sweatshirt, a bright blue one. It had to be hers.

I heard her motor out there, whining. I took the sweatshirt and resumed my pursuit. A few miles on, still following her tracks, I saw another piece of discarded clothing, this time a T-shirt.

What the fuck? I wondered. *Is she riding around topless now?* That thought suddenly filled me with excitement. I liked a woman who could handle a cycle, and the idea of this girl racing along with her tits exposed made for a delicious image.

I hopped back on and rode even harder. My cock swelled. I watched desperately for the next item of clothing, hoping this crazy cycle babe would keep going with this thing. When I saw her black jeans in a crumpled pile, I gave a shout of joy. I paused just long enough to snatch them up and drove my bike for everything it was worth.

**“SHE STARTED
LIFTING AND
DROPPING HER
MOUTH ON MY
COCK AT A
STEADY RHYTHM.”**

She must have lost time stopping to take off the pants. She came into view again, and I strained frantically to see through the clouding dust. She wavered in and out of the billows of kicked-up sand. But I caught glimpses of her bare, beautiful body atop her machine. She was gorgeous. Dark hair streamed out from under her helmet and she was still wearing her black boots, but every other inch of her luscious skin was exposed.

My cock throbbed crazily as I beheld the sweet roundness of her ass jouncing on the bike seat. Her legs were long and firm, her upper body tight. She had an all-over tan, turning her into a bronze goddess. As she crisscrossed back and forth ahead of me, I even got a look at her generously sized tits.

It was wonder to see. She was like some modern-day Lady Godiva riding buck-ass naked across the landscape. I was finally gaining ground on her—or else she was letting me catch up. I pushed my cycle, and that beautiful nude woman grew closer and closer.

At last she took her hand off the throttle and let her bike coast to a stop. I pulled up nearby. She turned to look, still wearing her helmet, which concealed her face completely.

I swung off my bike and held out her clothes. “Miss,” I said in a polite tone, “I believe you dropped these.”

She took off her helmet, roaring with laughter. She got off her machine and spun in a dancing circle before me, letting me get a full look at her succulent young body. Her pussy was shaved, her nips pink and tasty-looking. She had a pretty face, with bright eyes.

“One of us is overdressed,” she said.

It was all the invitation I needed. I got out of my clothes. The sunlight basted our naked bodies. My cock jutted out. She stepped up to me and took my rod in her hand. She grinned mischievously.

I groaned at her touch. I reached out and pulled her to me. I kissed her mouth hard. She didn’t seem to mind my stubble, grinding her lips on mine and jabbing me with her tongue. I stabbed back with my own. Her big tits pressed against me. I reached down to give her ass a grope, finding the flesh taut.

“I wondered how long it would take before you finally rode after me,” she panted.

Excitement rose in me, a burning force, hotter than the desert sun. Her flesh was painted with sweat and dust, but that only made her more desirable to me. She was rough like a cowgirl, not afraid of anything.

She gave my balls a squeeze. I plucked at her tits, tweaking those irresistible nipples. I was older than her, but I was still in great physical shape. If my face was a little leathery from years of working

outdoors, she didn't make any objection.

"I've got to have this fuck-stick in my mouth!" she suddenly cried, squatting down in front of me.

Her boot heels crunched on the turf as she hunkered there. I looked down in awe and gratitude as she held my balls and ran her tongue over my swollen cockhead. Nerves jumped all along my body. She licked up the dewdrop of pre-come seeping from my slit, then she wrapped her lips around my plum-shaped crown and started sucking my length into her mouth.

Her cheeks flattened themselves in around my staff. She created a nice firm suction, not letting the seal of her lips break. Her tongue continued to pluck at my shaft. Again, she was fearless, sucking me right down to the root and burying her nose in my sweaty pubes. I felt myself throbbing in her throat.

I moaned again, appreciating her talent. She started lifting and dropping her mouth on my cock at a steady rhythm. Her hand gently kneaded my nutsac, bringing new pleasures to me. I put a hand on her sweat-damp hair. A line of drool spilled down her chin, but she kept on sucking me intensely.

I couldn't help but start to thrust into her mouth, but that didn't daunt her. She let me fuck her face harder and harder, pushing into her throat with every stroke. Toward the end I actually tried to pull away to spare her the deluge, but she was having none of that. I remained gleefully trapped in her mouth.

My balls clenched in her grip, and I cried out, the sound echoing over the dusty flatland. My jizz thundered out of me, jet after jet. She kept her mouth on me the whole time. I watched her throat work as she swallowed everything I gave her. The pleasure whirled my head, until I staggered back.

She stood up, smiling and licking her lips. She turned back toward her bike, and for an awful instant I thought she was going to split. But she sat sidesaddle on



LETTERS

▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

her seat, opened her legs, and crooked her finger at me. It was a lot nicer than having her flip me the bird.

I hurried forward and knelt on the sunbaked ground. I put my head between her bronze thighs and licked hungrily at her pussy. Her tangy flavor was intoxicating. I lapped at her folds, then jammed my tongue into her cleft. Her sweet slickness felt good on my tongue.

I went after her swollen clit, and she gave a hard grunt of pleasure. Her hips moved. She started humping against my open mouth. Her fingers wound into my hair, pulling at my roots. I didn't mind. I just ate her harder. I smeared my face against her dripping snatch. Her juices ran over my chin and down my throat.

By the time she whooped with her orgasmic cry, my cock had risen again. I drank her sauce as it flowed out of her. Her knees clamped my shoulders, and I felt the scuff of her dusty leather boots as she raked her feet against my sides.

She was weak-kneed for a minute when she pushed herself back onto her feet. I stepped back, and she grinned down at my renewed hard-on. She went around to the back of her bike and this time bent forward over the rear tire, laying her upper body lengthwise along the seat and gas tank.

"You need to fuck me now," she told me.

I did, indeed, need to. I was grinning like a fiend as I moved in behind her. This seemed impossible, like some sexy desert mirage. But her tight ass was very real under my hands as I parted those sweet halves. Her well-eaten pussy gleamed. My spit-wet cock twitched. I stepped forward.

When I slipped my swollen cockhead inside her, she was already pounding her fist on the gas tank, making a hollow bang. "Yeah!" she cried. "Fuck yeah!"

Then I thrust myself all the way in, going deep and feeling her wet heat enclose me, and she screamed like a

madwoman. I stroked into her, starting with a slow tempo. I savored the grip of her pussy. I looked down and watched my cock disappearing into her again and again.

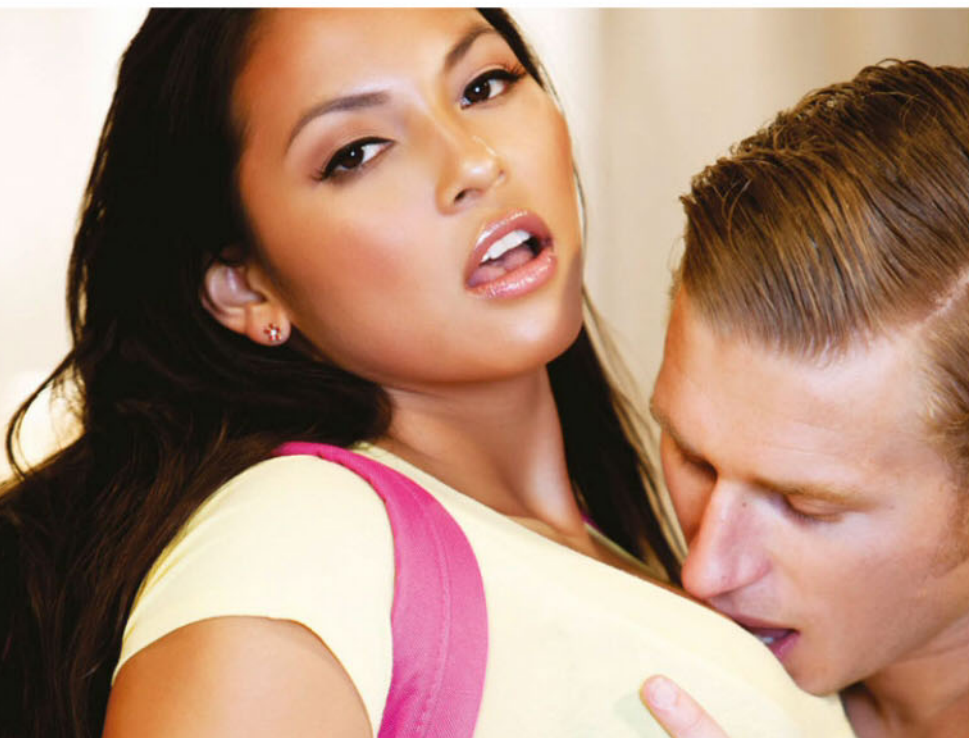
She writhed atop her cycle. She flung out her arms and seized the grips of her handlebars. I fucked harder, slamming into her now. My balls bounced off her succulent ass. I drove myself to her deepest places, eliciting pleasures that shook her whole body.

The madness took hold of me completely. With the fierce sun on my skin and sweat coursing down my muscled body, I hammered her pussy. Her white-knuckled hands continued to clutch her bike's grips. The ripples of each impact went up her slick bronze body. She shook her head back and forth, dark damp hair whipping.

I speared her to her core, and there I gave her the rest of my load, whatever she hadn't already swallowed. The spunk tore out of me, every spew wrenching a greater joy from me. She came as well, her orgasm like a thundercloud crashing over her.

Finally, she lay limp across her metal steed. Dazed, I looked around, but we were still alone. She lifted her head and grinned, saying, "You wanna try to catch me again tomorrow?"

—D.S., via email



■ FRIEND ZONE

All you guys know what it's like to get caught in the "friend zone." Once you're there, a girl starts to think of you as a confidante, a shoulder to cry on, or somebody to hang out with. There's no chance of ever getting her naked and in bed. Well, I shouldn't say there's no chance. I actually managed to escape the friend zone.

I'm in grad school and live in a house with four people. One of those people

is Ali, a gorgeous zoology student who I've been pining after for a year now. We knew each other all through our undergraduate days, and whenever she was single I had a girlfriend, and when I was single she had a boyfriend. After a while, we were strictly platonic friends—a kiss on the cheek was the height of passion for me.

Let me tell you about Ali. She is a guy's dream come true. She is very tall and thin, with long, dark brown hair, equally dark brown eyes, and pale skin. In what seems to be the fashion now, she has thick brown eyebrows that accentuate her huge eyes. She is also charming, funny, intelligent, and everything a guy could want in a girlfriend. Every now and again I'd see her in a state of dishabille, such as wandering around the house in her underwear or wearing only a towel, and once, gloriously, I saw her naked coming out of the shower. Living with her was exquisite torture.

It was Valentine's Day, and I was once again single. There's nothing worse than being single on Valentine's Day. It's a day designed to crush the spirit of the lonely. I was home alone, watching movies and eating a box of candy that I actually bought for myself; that's how pathetic I was. Ali was out on a date with her beau, who she had been seeing for a couple months and who I was worrying was going to take her away forever.

I was asleep on the couch when I heard the front door slam. I awoke with a start to see Ali storming into the living room. She had a bouquet of flowers that she hurled against the wall. She noticed me and burst into laughter that quickly changed to tears.

I patted the sofa cushion next to me, ready to let her tell me all about it, when what I really wanted was to strip her clothes off and lick every inch of her flesh. She sat down, leaned her head against my shoulder, and wept profusely.

I won't go into much of the details, but she dumped her boyfriend when, at their



“SHE MOANED, AND THEN PUSHED DOWN ON MY HEAD, URGING ME TO GET TO WORK.”

supposedly romantic dinner, it came to light that he was still seeing his ex. She left him sitting at the table with a stunned look on his face, and told me that it was “definitely over.” I did my best to console her while also trying not to sprout a hard-on. I tried to focus on what she was saying and not on how good she felt leaning against me.

I put my arm around her shoulder and told her that she was better off without him, which was certainly true. I'm biased, but I've never liked the guys Ali's dated. She goes for pretty boys, who spend more time in front of the mirror than she does. She also has a thing for hipsters and actually dated, for about two weeks, a guy with a man-bun. I never let her hear the end of it about him.

I'm more of an outdoors kind of guy. I'm the first in my family to go to college. I come from the mountains, where I got my exercise by chopping wood, not by

working out in a neon-lit gym. I'm kind of husky but fit. More than one person has told me I look like the guy on the Brawny paper towel package, when he had a beard.

Before long Ali fell asleep with her head in my lap. The TV was still on, and I tried not to move so as not to awaken her. Of course, having her head lying right near my crotch, combined with her sudden availability, was making my cock stir against my wishes. I patted her hair, and then, boldly, began stroking it.

After a while I fell asleep, too. I began having an erotic dream where I was being handled by someone. I didn't know who, but the dream was very realistic. I opened my eyes and found Ali, now fully awake, massaging my erection through my jeans.

She noticed I was awake and looked up at me, batting her dark eyelashes. “Do you mind?” she asked. I don't know if any guy has ever stopped Ali from rubbing his crotch, and I wasn't about to be the first.

“No, go right ahead,” I managed to croak.

She unzipped my jeans and reached in to grope me through my boxers. “When I think about all the guys I've known,” she said, “you're the one who's always been there for me.” With that, she pulled my aching erection out into the open. “And you've got a lovely cock.”

Before I could even blink she starting running her tongue over the tip of my penis, then slowly she took it into her mouth, bobbing her head slightly. She

LETTERS

▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

pulled my boxers aside so she could reach another hand in to fondle my balls, and all I could do was lean my head back and groan.

After a few minutes she sat up, licked her lips, and started removing her clothing. I slid out of my pants and boxers, and whisked off my shirt. She was down to her bra and panties and slid into my arms, locking her lips with mine while she stroked my cock. Our tongues entwined, and I slipped into a mindless ecstasy.

"I want you to fuck me," she whispered. Tongue-tied, I could only nod acquiescence. I pulled her bra strap down so I could suck on a puffy pink nipple. Ali's breasts aren't large, but they are adorable, little teacups topped with cherries. She ran her fingers through my hair as I nibbled on first the right and then the left, her bra eventually landing on the floor.

Soon, it was magic time, and she sat back and shimmied out of her panties. Her pussy was completely bald, and when she parted her legs I dove in face first. Her passionate aroma was

intoxicating, and for a moment I rubbed my nose against her slit to savor her scent. She giggled and moaned, and then pushed down on my head, urging me to get to work.

I parted her outer lips with my fingers, holding them apart as I tongued the inner folds. She gasped and began getting super-wet. Then I lapped up her honey while rubbing her labia together. She liked that and spurred me on with a series of words, although not in sentence form. "Eat. Lick. Cunt. Fuck," were some

**"SHE GOT ON TOP
AND BEGAN TO
RIDE. THIS TIME
SHE CONTROLLED
THE TEMPO."**

of her ecstatic exhortations.

When I had her at peak saturation I got up on my knees, lined up my cock with her pink inferno, and sank it inside. Her eyes got wide, and she wrapped her legs around my waist. Her hands were on my shoulders, fingers digging into me. I was so turned on that I wasn't very subtle about it, plunging deep. My intense pace didn't upset her, though, as she just kept saying, "Harder, harder" in a raspy voice.

I think she came first, as I felt her vagina contract around my cock. That was enough for me, and I emptied what seemed like a gallon of come inside her. We lay interlocked like puzzle pieces for a while, until she managed to extricate herself from beneath me. "Let's go get a shower," she cooed, and I watched her spectacular ass as it went up the stairs.

In the shower she soaped up my cock and it responded like a trouper. I don't know if there's anything better than a woman using both soapy hands to jerk me off, especially Ali. She knew how to manipulate me like a potter at a wheel. She would get me close to coming and then back off, over and over. I was ready to collapse in a heap. I did my share of fingering her, too, even sliding a soapy finger up her asshole.

When we were squeaky clean, she led me by the hand to her bedroom and pushed me down on my back. My dick was like a flagpole, standing straight and proud. She got on top, inserting me inside her, and began to ride. This time she controlled the tempo, and it was a much longer and protracted fuck. She wiggled her hips like a belly dancer. She climbed off and turned around to face away from me. I realized she did that because she could then watch us in her full-length mirror. She rubbed her tits and slammed her ass down on me. The sight of our reflection seemed to turn her on and her speed increased. Finally, she released a single, guttural moan and came for the second time.

Ali then decided she was going to



play with me. She again teased me, thoroughly licking my balls and shaft. I was afraid I was going to lose my mind, because she would back off every time I was near coming. She gave me my comeuppance when she moistened her finger and slipped it inside my asshole. When she saw that the intrusion made my cock twitch, she slid her digit in and out and sucked hard on my dick, making me go off like a geyser. The second orgasm of the night is always more intense than the first; it's like reaching down into a deeper part of yourself, as if your entire body is going to turn inside out.

Ali swallowed my cream, but not before showing it to me on her tongue before she theatrically gulped it down. Then she curled up against me, and in a few minutes she was asleep. I didn't dare move, though I drifted off to dreamland sometime later. In the morning, we talked and realized we were meant for each other all along. This Valentine's Day will be our first anniversary. We've rented a hotel room, and we're each allowed one sexual thing to try that we haven't done yet. I can't wait.

—T.W., via email

■ ON GUARD

The new girl was a pain in the ass. She was sassy and said inappropriate things. What made it worse was that she was really good at the job. I had to work with her on the overnight guard duty shift at the office building complex.

"They usually put two gals together?" Melanie asked in the locker room as we suited up for our shift.

"I'm not a gal," I said sharply, removing my civilian clothes and reaching for my gray uniform. "I'm a security guard who happens to be female."

Melanie grinned. She was several

years younger, with a muscular body and hair buzzed down to a boot-camp fuzz. She shed her street clothes. I was startled to see she wore no underwear. For a second or two I gazed at her high, firm breasts, capped with thick, pink nipples. Her skull wasn't the only part of her that she shaved. Her pubes were just a blonde five o'clock shadow.

"You're supposed to wear a bra and panties on duty," I said, looking away. I got into my uniform. We carried nightsticks and walkie-talkies on our belts and wore police-type caps.

"I feel freer without underthings," Melanie said. She still hadn't put on her uniform.

"I could report you."

She stepped toward me, but not in any threatening manner. She said in a husky voice, "You give me a girl hard-on, you know that?"

Having her naked body so close unnerved me. Back in college, for a period of about six months, I'd had several lesbian experiences. I remembered those encounters fondly, but now in my 30s they felt like youthful frolics, carefree sexual experimentations never to be repeated.

"Don't say things like that to me!" I slammed my locker door shut.

"You don't have to be so uptight, Elyssa," she called out as I stalked out of the room.

But despite harassments like that Melanie was a good guard. She quickly learned the layout of the complex and could cover ground faster than me, who'd been on the job for several years.

I never did report her for any of her minor infractions. I'd had to work with some useless people in the past and didn't want to go through that again.

She continued to flirt with me in her blunt way. Every chance she could, she showed off her supple naked body to me in the locker room. I started to wonder how her tits would feel underneath my hands, with those nipples growing stiff. I even fantasized about how her pussy would taste. By now it had been so long since I'd licked a woman, I'd forgotten what the flavor was like. To remind myself one night I lay alone in bed and fingered myself to a climax, then I put my fingers in my mouth. I imagined it was Melanie's juice I was tasting.

There were rules against employees becoming romantically involved with each other. I hadn't been in any sort of relationship for a while. I wanted Melanie, but I'd said no to her so many times I would feel like a fool if I gave in now.

When we were on duty, one of us patrolled the empty, silent corridors, checking doors and windows. The other watched the monitors. Tonight I was sitting at the cameras.

Melanie was walking the designated route. We were the only two people in the whole interconnected complex. I watched her move from screen to screen, working efficiently. Then she paused.

Frowning, I saw her doing something with her uniform shirt. She was unbuttoning it! Melanie shrugged it off her shoulders and dropped it carelessly to the floor. Then she swaggered off, her breasts bare. My eyes went wide. I



LETTERS

▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE



grabbed my walkie-talkie.

"Melanie! What're you doing?"

She was unfastening her pants now. With a few nimble movements she stepped out of the slacks, leaving them behind on the carpet. She strolled on, her scrumptious butt exposed. Her belt with the nightstick and radio remained around her waist. She'd also kept on the cap and her boots.

Desire filled me like a fever. She looked impossibly sexy like that—even though she was breaking every regulation imaginable.

On the monitor screen I saw her pick up her walkie-talkie. "Come and get me, Elyssa!" her crackling voice dared. Then she took off at a trot.

I went tearing out of the monitor room. I had to get to her before anybody else saw the feed. With my heart pounding, I ran through the hallways. But she was like a gazelle, bounding ahead of me. I caught glimpses of her sweet bare ass, her bouncing tits. She crisscrossed and backtracked, but I pursued her, a fierce sexual longing possessing me.

Suddenly, I turned a corner and there she stood. She grinned and strode up to me. I couldn't resist her anymore. I

grabbed her shoulders and pulled her to me, jamming my mouth hard onto hers. She responded with her tongue, grinding her nude body against mine.

I knew we were on camera but didn't care. I groped her breasts, and they were every bit as firm as my fantasies had promised. She squealed with delight as I pinched her lovely nipples.

With fast, knowing fingers she undid my buttons and tugged down my zipper. My uniform fell away, and her hands were on me, groping my tits and squeezing my ass. She humped her nearly hairless mound against my curlier crotch.

Dormant memories exploded across my mind. Those women in college I'd fooled around with. All those images and remembered sensations were overwhelmed by the immediate tactile presence of this incredibly desirable hellcat. Her body was sinewy and strong.

She reached between my legs and spread my dampening folds with her fingers. Kissing me hard, she jammed two digits up into me. I bucked against her, whimpering with pleasure. I didn't feel foolish now for giving in to her. Instead, I thought I'd been an idiot for waiting so long. She was fantastically

hot, a breathlessly sensual creature, the ultimate female of my desires.

I ground down on her fingers, riding them hard. She held me around the middle, mashing her tits against mine. I jerked and bounced, and before long I was coming, spilling my juices onto her knuckles. I cried out, the sound raw and powerful.

The monitoring equipment didn't have audio, but that didn't matter. All this footage was being recorded, and the feed could be monitored remotely by the security chief. We had already committed violations that would definitely get us both fired. But I wasn't about to stop.

Still quivering with desire, I stepped back. Melanie grinned and licked her wet fingers. I said, "I have to taste you!" I knelt. She was still wearing the boots, belt and cap, like an exotic dancer in a cop-like getup. Standing in the middle of that corridor, she planted her legs apart as I moved in between them. I kissed the stubble surrounding her pussy lips, then I took my first lick.

The taste of her was like an electric shock, one that lit up all my senses. My taste buds went into a happy riot. I recognized that luscious female tang. I lapped harder at her folds, parting them to stick my tongue into her moist interior heat.

Above, she grunted and thrust her hips forward. I speared her deeper, coaxing her clit and bringing the bud to full swollen life. She put a hand on my head, gripping my hair and grinding against my mouth. Her stubble burned my lips, but I didn't care. I ate her like crazy. Her flavor inundated me. Her scent was overpowering.

Now it was her turn to cry out. She gave a warrior's wail and jammed herself on my open mouth. When she came, her slick juices poured into me. I drank her down, savoring every drop.

I rocked back onto my ass, dizzy with lust. Looming over me, Melanie took the nightstick from her leather belt. With

“KISSING ME HARD, SHE JAMMED TWO DIGITS UP INTO ME. I BUCKED AGAINST HER.”

one boot she gently pushed me onto my back, then nudged my legs wide apart.

“Ever since I first picked this thing up,” she said, brandishing the stick, “I’ve wanted to fuck you with it.”

“Yes, Melanie,” I panted. “Fuck my pussy with your stick!”

“Call me Mel!”

“Yes, Mel!”

“Call me sir.”

“Yes, sir!” I yelled.

With a demonic look on her pretty face, she crouched between my outspread legs. My pussy throbbed with fresh need. She teased the knobby tip of the nightstick up and down my drenched lips. Pleasure tingled all through me. Then she put the end of the polished wood against my entrance and started pushing in.

The shaft was thick, but I’d had cocks of that girth inside me. The texture was strange, but exciting. The smooth wood parted my lips. My passage gripped it. Melanie (I mean Mel; I mean, sir) fed it in slowly. She turned it as she did so, and that corkscrewing sensation was fantastic. My ass quaked on the carpet. My hands were flung out on either side of me, fingernails clawing.

My clit pulsed against the intruding wood. She gave me a few more inches, until the shaft had filled me. I groaned loudly.

“Fuck me, sir!” I begged with abandon. “Fuck me with your big stick!”



She moved the nightstick in and out of me. I didn’t have to guess that she was enjoying this as well. With her free hand she fingered her pussy, her face contorting into expressions of wild pleasure. The unyielding wood penetrated me again and again. A deep bliss swarmed up out of the depths of me. It had been too long since I’d done anything against the rules. And this had to be the craziest thing I’d ever done.

Despite the bluntness of the implement, she was very tender with me. She knew just how to use that tool. She sensed each stage of my rising pleasure. Skillfully, she waited until the final orgasmic rapture rose in me before she let herself go as well.

With her own busy fingers she worked herself into another orgasm while my climax overloaded me completely. I writhed on the floor, shrieking, giving myself totally to the pleasure. My pussy

clenched tightly around the stick as ecstasy thundered through me.

Slowly, I blinked back to full awareness. I lifted my head. Mel was sitting there, contentedly licking my juice off the end of her nightstick. Again, she grinned.

I grinned back. “We’re both going to need to find new jobs, you know.”

She shook her head. “I looped the monitor footage. Nobody saw anything. Nothing’s been recorded. You want to borrow my stick? I could use a good fucking with it myself.”

—E.J., via email

We always say it’s better to be chased than chaste. If you’ve had an experience that will turn on fellow readers and inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own, tell us about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department PC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



PICNIC LUNCH

ANA ENJOYS SOME ALFRESCO DINING BEFORE
RIDING THE AFTERNOON AWAY.













“BANGING IN BROAD DAYLIGHT
IS MY BIGGEST TURN-ON.”

—ANA









LETTERS

▷ KINKY COUGARS

■ ALL THE RAVE

I went to the rave with a specific purpose: to do something stupid. At age 48 I was suddenly single. My ex-husband had gone and gotten himself a red sports car and a girlfriend half his age. I owed something like that to myself.

For the past two months I'd been hitting the gym obsessively, trying to work out my frustrations in exhausting workouts. It hadn't helped my feelings any, but I was in better physical shape than I'd been in a decade. My abs were firm, my thigh muscles taut. Hell, even my tits felt perkier. I felt incredible.

Before going out that night, I had stared at my naked self in a full-length mirror, admiring the healthy, supple middle-aged woman standing there.

Now I just had to convince someone else to see me the same way, too.

One of the younger women at the office had mentioned the rave. I hadn't thought seriously about dating since the divorce. Men my age were full of cloying sympathy for my "plight." What good was I if I wasn't in a relationship? they all seemed to ask.

I'd been a wild girl before my marriage. I remembered those days, the crazy hookups, the slew of random men. Those had been fun times. I thought I deserved

something like that again.

But I nearly chickened out on the way to the event. The big dance party was taking place in an old industrial building on the waterfront. I sat in my car watching the younger people go inside, hearing the distant thunder of the music. They all looked happy and carefree.

And here I was, coming up fast on 50, dressed in a skimpy T-shirt and tight jeans. How ridiculous was I? I swore to myself and went inside, paying the entry fee.

I couldn't recall the last rock concert I'd been to, and I'd never attended one of these. The scene had an improvised feel, like a group of guerrilla DJs had descended on the space. The interior was old concrete and rusted metalwork. The huge open bay was where everybody was dancing like mad, with the music equipment on a terrace overlooking the crowd.

The music was ferociously loud, that heavy bass stuff played insanely fast. My heart rate quickened, trying to catch up to the tempo. Despite my self-doubts, the general excitement enveloped me. Colored lights whirled, and most people had glow sticks or wore jewelry with lights in them. They spun and gyrated, obviously having a great time.

I threw myself into the crowd, and the tribal bustle overtook me. My moves matched those of the younger people around me. Nobody was dancing with anybody else, per se. It was a free-for-all. The heat of sweaty bodies surrounded me. In a way, it was like a workout at the gym.

But I hadn't come here for exercise.

All the 20-somethings looked so enticing to me, brimming with vigor, the faces unlined and the bodies lean. I was soaked with sweat. A primal excitement burned in me. Sex for too long had been a routine for me, familiar and unsurprising. I needed to find out if I could still shock myself, like when I was younger.

I saw a dozen males in the immediate



vicinity who I would like to fuck. It was a kid-in-candy-store situation...only I didn't know if my age would disqualify me. Nobody here had pointed and laughed at the "old lady" trying to hang with the cool kids. But was I desirable to any of these younger guys?

Time to find out.

I saw one male with dark spiky hair leaving the dance area. I followed him. He was slim, and his snug jeans showed off his terrific ass. He bought a bottle of water and chugged it. Sweat basted his handsome face. He wandered further away from the music, into the dimmer reaches of the building. Again, I followed.

I found him leaned against the far side of a cement pillar, narrow chest rising and falling as he got his breath back. *Now or never*, I thought...

I strode right up to him, looked him in the eye, and said, "Wanna fuck?" Then, as his eyes went wide, I seized the front of his jeans and squeezed, feeling the stark outline of his cock and balls.

We were out of sight, deep in the shadows, but anyone could come along at any time. If we did anything, it was going to have to be fast.

He was still gawking wordlessly, and I wondered if I was making a huge fool out of myself. Then I felt his cock stir unmistakably under my hand. Suddenly, he grabbed my shoulders, pulled me against him, and mashed his mouth down onto mine.

The kiss was fierce. He stabbed with his tongue, and I met it with mine. His body was all trim muscle and sharp bone. The intoxicating smell of his sweat was overpowering. I wanted to find out what his cock tasted like. I tore at the front of his jeans as he groped my tits, raking up my drenched T-shirt to tweak my nipples.

I reached into his open pants to grasp his swelling rod. His lovely shaft pulsed in my grip. He shucked his shirt, and I saw that both his nipples were pierced. I flicked my tongue over both as my hand worked, jerking his cock. My mouth was



watering, desperate to swallow this glorious meat. If he had any misgivings about my age, it wasn't stopping him from enjoying himself. He let out a moan that was nearly drowned by the music.

But the mayhem wasn't so loud that I didn't hear a voice behind me say, "Hey, Deke, find yourself a playmate?"

I spun around, alarmed. The girl was his age, just as pretty and svelte. I backed up, but Deke held me and said into my ear, "This is Monika, my girlfriend."

Mortified, I tried to pull my shirt back down, but Monika, grinning, stepped up to me and put her hands boldly on my breasts. "She's nice, Deke. Think she'll let me fuck her, too?"

I was stunned. I was also fantastically turned on. Her blonde hair was as spiky as Deke's. She put her mouth against mine, and I hesitated only an instant before kissing her back. It had been many years since I'd kissed another woman. Her tongue was like an electric eel. She mauled my tits.

Deke, still behind me, reached around and undid my jeans, tugging them down until I could step out of them. Monika ground her crotch against mine. Deke's cock throbbed against my bare ass.

Monika stepped back long enough to shed her own clothes. I could barely believe this was happening. I'd done

**"DEKE SLOTTED
HIMSELF INSIDE
ME. I RELEASED A
CRY OF PLEASURE.
MY PUSSY
GRIPPED HIM."**

crazy shit as a college girl, but nothing as nuts as this! Her tits were beautiful, her body perfect. Still grinning, she kissed her way down my belly. Automatically, I spread my legs as she knelt. Deke was squeezing my tits from behind, rubbing his cock in the valley of my ass.

Monika's hot breath touched my pussy lips. I cried out when she licked my folds, parting the flesh and seeking out my inner heat and wetness. Her tongue snaked up inside me, and pleasure radiated through me, a molten wave of sensual joy.

I ground my pussy down onto her mouth. Deke said, "Yeah, baby! Eat that sweet cunt!" I jammed my ass back against him. I wanted his cock inside

LETTERS

▷ KINKY COUGARS

me, but for the moment I was more than content to have this talented vixen feast on my muff. Her tongue captured my clit and worked it mercilessly. The pleasure mounted, the flow of my excitement increasing.

Before long, there was no holding back, and no reason to. I flooded Monika's mouth with my pussy juice. The climax was wild, a bliss that raked its way through me.

I knelt down to kiss her again, to taste myself on her lips and tongue. Then, as one, we turned, and there was Deke's cock jutting out right before us. We closed it on it from either side, doing him

harmonica-style at first, running our open mouths up and down either side of his hard, vein-lined shaft. His whole body quivered.

Then I had to have my full taste of him. I dropped my mouth onto his swollen crown, swallowing the drizzle of pre-come there, then sucked him all way down. His cockhead throbbed in my throat. Monika meanwhile ducked under to suck on his balls. I ran the tight ring of my lips up and down on him awhile, savoring the flavor and texture. Then Monika took her turn deep-throating him while I lapped at his delectable nutsac.

Finally, though, I had to have that cock

in my pussy. I needed him desperately.

I stood up, grabbed hold of the pillar and thrust out my ass. Deke moved in behind me. Monika spread my ass cheeks and guided his spit-wet cockhead to my dripping entrance. I quaked with anticipation and need.

Deke slotted himself inside me. I released a hoarse cry of pleasure. My pussy gripped him. His cock reamed out my silky inner walls nicely. I planted my feet firmly and hugged the pillar.

He set out fucking me at an urgent speed. His thrusts were firm. His cock was perfectly hard. Every stroke brought new joys to life in my flesh. My bones hummed with the reignited memories of all the carnal escapades of my past.

How weird that the craziest, most wild sexual experience of my lifetime should come at such a late date. I didn't feel like a 48-year-old. I didn't feel like anything but a fully active sexualized being, a woman worthy of all this attention, one who still mattered as a desirable creature.

Monika came over and kissed my undulating back. She reached under to pluck at my tits some more. I fingered her pussy as her boyfriend fucked me like an animal.

His tempo quickened, going into overdrive. Elsewhere in the building the young people danced like dervishes. The music pounded, just as Deke's cock pounded me into a final ecstasy. The pleasure came to me, bigger than all my memories, bigger than any doubts I might have had left about myself. My climax was a great shrieking event, full of all the rapture I deserved, remaking me into a sex goddess worthy of these younger worshippers.

Deke staggered back, disengaging himself. Monika, who'd come on my fingers, went to lick his spunk out of my pussy. Then they both embraced me, and Deke said, "You want to go somewhere private and have more fun?" Apparently, my night was just beginning.

—E.M., Los Angeles, California



■ LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

I just fulfilled my greatest fantasy: I fucked my neighbor. Or, I should say, she fucked me, because she was basically in control the whole time and gave me the fuck of my young life. Did I mention that she's twice my age and I've lusted after her for ages?

Mrs. W, as I've always known her, has lived next door to us since I was a kid. A divorcee, with no children, she was always a friendly woman without being a constant presence. I mean, she and my parents were never social with each other; she pretty much kept to herself. But we were on speaking terms, especially when I got into high school. She hired me to cut her lawn in the summers, and I would do so shirtless and in cutoff jeans, and she'd sit out in her bathing suit, watching me.

I reciprocated. She's always been a sun worshipper and often would lie out in her backyard. I had a great vantage point of her favorite spot from my bedroom window. When I would come home for summer from college, I'd get out my binoculars and focus them on her luscious figure, bronzing in the sun. Every once in a while she'd get bold and take her top off. That would make me pull my cock out of my pants and stroke it to glory.

Now I'm in grad school but still living at my parents' home (a guy's got to save money). I don't mow Mrs. W's lawn anymore, but she's still tanning in the backyard, and the years have done nothing to detract from her fabulous figure. She's in her mid-40s now, I'd guess, but her boobs are still firm and her stomach flat and she has legs to die for.

Once when I was outside washing my car while wearing only my swim trunks, I caught Mrs. W watching me from her upstairs window. I spun myself a little fantasy that she was masturbating while watching me. Someway, somehow, I had to know if our interest was mutual. She



**“SHE RETURNED
ALL GLAMMED
OUT AND IN AN
OUTFIT THAT
MADE MY COCK
INSTANTLY HARD.”**

wasn't going to do anything, so I had to make a move.

I have a great interest in photography, and I've spent a good deal of time and money on my hobby. It's not what I'm going to school for, but I'd love to make it a career. Anyway, I came up with an idea that I didn't think would backfire if it didn't work, and if it did work, it would make for the greatest day of my life.

I summoned up all my courage and went to her front door. I knew she was home; her car was in the driveway. Mrs. W answered the door, all smiles, and then invited me in and asked me how I was doing. She got me some iced tea and we chatted, and then I told her why I'd come to see her.

"I'm working on a portfolio for my photography career," I told her, "and I need to shoot some glamour shots.

Immediately, you came to mind."

She blushed and said, "Certainly there are a number of girls at your college that would love to pose for you."

"That may be," I said, my voice quavering a bit, "but you're the most beautiful woman I know."

Mrs. W gave me a look that's hard to describe. It was as though I was witnessing her making up her mind on something, and she got very thoughtful. "I'd be glad to," she finally said. We arranged for a time when she could come over to my house and we could be alone. (My parents were about to head out on vacation, and I'd have the house to myself for three weeks.)

The appointed day came, and I was a nervous wreck. Mrs. W. was right on time, and she carried a small bag. "What's that for?" I asked her.

"Well, I brought some outfits you might want me to wear," she said brightly. "I even brought my bathing suit, because I know you've seen me wear that plenty of times." At that it was my turn to blush. "I also," she said, opening the bag and pulling out some frilly things, "brought some lingerie."

"Uh, the lingerie would be great," I said. "Are you sure that would be okay?"

"More than okay," she said, heading to the bathroom to change and put on her makeup.

She returned all glammed out and in an outfit that made my cock instantly

LETTERS

▷ KINKY COUGARS

hard. It was all black, which contrasted nicely with her blonde hair. She had on a bra, panties, garters, stockings, and high heel shoes, and over her shoulders wore some kind of flimsy little jacket. I had all my lights and equipment set up.

"Shall we get started?" she said, laying down on the sofa. "I've never modeled before, so you'll have to tell me what to do." But she knew exactly what to do, moving around in a series of provocative poses, her legs getting farther apart as she did so. I took many pictures, and when she slipped out of her bra, I gulped and kept on snapping.

"It looks like you're enjoying yourself," Mrs. W said, gesturing toward the hard-on straining against my jeans. "Why don't you show that bad boy to me?"

I put the camera down and unbuttoned my pants. I pulled out my dick, which I don't ever remember being harder, and started stroking it. She oohed and aahed and slipped out of her panties, starting to play with herself while she watched me manhandle my meat. She kicked off her

shoes and lifted her nylon-clad feet up to my erection, rubbing her toes against it. I was losing my mind.

Mrs. W stood up, stripped completely nude, and pushed me back on the sofa. Skinning me out of my jeans, she crouched between my legs and took my cock in her hands, manipulating it with the skill of a high-priced call girl. Mrs. W knew her way around a dick and proceeded to dazzle me. She put my

**"SHE KICKED OFF
HER SHOES AND
LIFTED HER
NYLON-CLAD
FEET UP TO MY
ERECTION."**

cock in her mouth to get it all slick, and then wrapped both hands around my shaft and pumped me. Then she started giving me the blowjob of a lifetime, teasing me with her tongue around the head and then slowly encircling my knob with her lips. For what seemed like an eternity, she teased and licked me, and then without warning would swallow me whole.

She worked on my balls as well. Mrs. W toyed with them as if they were playthings (which, in a sense, they were to her) and then sucked on them. That was a first for me, feeling my testicles swished around a woman's mouth like an after-dinner mint.

Mrs. W brought me to the point of climaxing a few times before climbing on top of me and inserting me into her very wet and very tight pussy. I'd had sex with a few girls my own age, and she was as tight as any of them were. Her breasts were hanging in my face, and I greedily squeezed them, sucking on her nipples. She was really digging it, riding me vigorously.

We switched positions so she was lying back on the sofa, and I took the opportunity to get a closer look at her sweet pussy. She was creaming, and I lapped up the evidence of her arousal before wiggling my tongue against her clit. She bucked her hips against me, moaning sweetly. It wasn't very long before she gushed into my mouth, an orgasm rippling through her body.

She had to take a break for a minute to recover, but after watching me stroke my still turgid dick for a while, she wanted me to fuck her some more. She had remained on her back, so I climbed aboard. She wrapped her legs around my hips, and we moved together like a well-oiled machine. "Give me that cock," she panted. "I want that big cock of yours."

After a bit we repositioned ourselves because she told me she wanted it doggy-style. Mrs. W got on all fours and I examined her from the rear, burying my



nose in her lovely asshole and licking her cunt some more. She giggled and then said, with mock severity, "Come on, kid, put that cock in my pussy and bang me hard."

She didn't have to tell me twice, and I fucked her with intensity. I even improvised a bit and slapped her rear, which made her moan even louder.

"I'm going to come," I finally had to admit, unable to hold on any longer. Like something out of a porno movie, Mrs. W quickly got down on her knees so I could shoot on her face. She opened her mouth wide, and I jacked off, shooting my cream in her direction. She caught much of my load on her tongue, but some stray drops decorated her cheeks, forehead, and chin. She smiled beautifully, swallowed what was on her tongue, and then scooped up the rest and consumed that, too. It's a sight I'll never forget for as long as I live.

Mrs. W then joined me in the shower, telling me I could call her Shannon and that anytime I wanted to do another photo shoot, I should give her a call.

I think that's going to happen real soon.

—R.Y., via email

CUT TO THE CHASE

I had just finished up with an elderly customer when a much younger man came into my barber shop. I glanced at him and then looked again, longer this time. He was about 20, maybe 25 at the outside, with a gorgeous head of thick, dark hair that fell to his collar.

"Need a cut," he said, glancing around the interior of the shop before his eyes—a lovely shade of blue—settled on me. He rubbed his three-day-old beard and looked me over, which was just fine because I was checking him out, too. Tall, fit, and very good-looking, he moved with confidence—not in a conceited way but with self-assurance,

which made him doubly sexy. This was no typical customer, and I wasn't about to complain. In fact, I was starting to feel pretty tingly inside because there was attraction in his eyes as he sized me up, pure and simple. I'm 40, but I've been known to have that effect on the occasional man-cub.

I smiled and pointed to the three chairs lined up before the mirror. "Have a seat. I'll be right with you."

While he was getting settled, I went to the window and flipped the "open" sign to "closed." It was half past five anyway. Now we'd have the shop all to ourselves.

We exchanged names, and as I put the cape on him, I asked how he wanted his hair cut. "How about I just put myself in your hands," Quinn said, looking up at me with those striking baby-blues of his.

"Okay. Leave everything to me." Wielding scissors and comb I got to work, snipping and trimming while my mind raced.

"You're not what I expected when I came in here," Quinn said.

"Oh?"

"I used to get my hair cut here sometimes, before I went to college. There was always a man working."

"That was my father."

In the mirror, Quinn's eyebrows rose.

"This was my dad's place," I explained. "When he retired, I quit the salon where I worked and took over here. I like being

my own boss. It suits me."

Normally, the physical closeness with strangers in my chair doesn't faze me in the slightest, but with Quinn, it was a whole other ball game. I was acutely aware of his gaze in the mirror, watching me as I moved about him. Likewise I was hyper-conscious of the nearness of his face to my chest whenever I stood directly in front of him. The neckline of my shirt plunged fairly deep, and whenever I leaned forward, I knew Quinn had plenty to look at. I could even feel his breath on my skin. He smelled good, too. You can't avoid physical contact when you're cutting someone's hair, and I made the most of it with Quinn, flirting with a light touch on his arm or shoulder while I worked. I couldn't help it. I was slipping into full-burn mode for this guy.

A little while later I ran my hand through his hair slowly, sensually, letting him know I enjoyed the feel of his healthy locks between my fingers. "How's that? Short enough?"

"Um," Quinn replied. Apparently, he couldn't bring himself to answer. If he said yes, we'd be done. I didn't want that any more than he did. I played my ace card.

"I think your hair looks great," I said. "But this..." I ran my finger over the stubble covering his jaw. "Would you be interested in an old-fashioned shave? My dad used to offer it, and he taught me. I



LETTERS

▷ KINKY COUGARS

**“QUINN’S COCK
LEAPED INTO MY
GRASP, THICK AND
HARD AND
LEAKING
PRE-COME.”**

can make your face as smooth as when you were a kid.” Which, from my point of view, wasn’t too long ago.

Quinn looked at me in the mirror, his eyes intense. “Sure. That sounds great.”

I turned his chair around and reclined it. Then I pulled a stool over and gathered the necessary items, chief of which was my dad’s old straight razor, which I keep in pristine condition. I seldom get to use it, but when I do, it’s always a unique experience—though never more intimate than it was this time with Quinn. I lathered up his face and then, exercising great care, I scraped away his whiskers. We were so close, our faces almost touching. I had the urge to kiss him full on the mouth.

Finally, I wiped a few remnants of shaving cream off his face with a warm towel and said, “All finished.” Before I could stop myself, I leaned in close and added in a softer voice: “Now just wait until you go down on your girlfriend. If she’s as smooth down there as you are here”—I stroked his chin—“well, you’ll both be amazed at how that feels.”

He wasn’t shocked. He just grinned enticingly and said, “I’m sure you’re right. But I don’t have a girlfriend.”

“No? Well.” Now I did kiss him, full and deep on the lips. When I let him come up for air, I whispered in his ear: “I am that smooth.” The thought of Quinn getting between my bare thighs and pressing his



lips to my pussy made me instantly wet.

“Really?” He pulled me down for a second kiss. It was even better than the first. “Let me see,” he said at last.

It was getting dark outside, but for a little while longer we’d still be in plain view of anyone passing by on the sidewalk. I went to the windows, closed the blinds, and came back to Quinn. His chair was still in the reclining position, but he was sitting up now, watching me intently.

I stood beside him and did my best striptease, unveiling the object of his interest as slowly as I could. I was in such a state of arousal that I had to fight the urge to get naked immediately. When my skirt and panties were puddled around my feet, I made no move to take off anything else. Quinn was preoccupied with the sight of my sex, which was as glossy and unfettered as I’d promised.

He put his arms around my waist and pulled me close. His hands slid down to my ass, and he held me there as he nuzzled his freshly shaved face against

my mound. I sighed and trembled a little, reveling in both the immediate sensation and the anticipation of more to come.

Quinn’s lips brushed back and forth across my labia for a moment as he, too, relished the tactile experience. Finally, he sealed his mouth to my flesh and dipped his tongue into my dripping groove.

“Ooh, yes. Fuck me with your tongue,” I cried, bucking against him. I coiled my fingers in his hair while he moaned and slurped away noisily, happy to drink up my juices. Overwhelmed by a rising tide of lust, I pushed Quinn back on the chair and started tugging up his shirt. He got my drift and pulled the garment over his head. Then I climbed on top of him, and a moment later we formed a perfect 69, one of my favorite positions. My ass was right in front of Quinn’s face, and he palmed my fleshy globes with an eager touch, even delivering a couple of resounding smacks.

Desperate to taste his cock, I went to work on the front of his jeans. The button was no problem but in my haste I jammed

the zipper. Growling with frustration, I finally ripped it open. Quinn's commando cock leaped into my grasp, thick and hard and leaking pre-come. I lowered my mouth over the top and began to suck voraciously. Quinn tugged on my hips and maneuvered me slightly so that my pussy brushed against his waiting mouth. He held my nether lips open with his fingers and thrust his tongue up into me, making me tremble with pleasure.

"Jesus, that's good," I said, pumping my fist up and down his beefy rod while my mouth took a break. Quinn's ministrations back there were making me undulate against his chin. "My clit—lick my clit. Suck it..."

He zeroed in where I needed him to. I felt his lips, soft and warm, close around my sensitive button. He began sucking and lapping with whole-hearted abandon, as if he lived for nothing else than to give me the most intense oral pleasure possible. He used his tongue like a whip across my swollen bud until I could barely see straight. I continued to lick and blow on his tool in return, until a sudden climax swept through me. It was quick and fierce, a delicious prelude to the bigger waves building within my core.

Catching my breath, I climbed off Quinn for a moment so I could pull his pants down to his ankles. Then, facing forward this time, I straddled him again and aimed his cock up at my vagina. With a happy sigh I sat down, impaling myself. The turgid shaft slid right into my soppy pussy, filling me to the hilt. I grunted, locked eyes with Quinn, and began to work my body up and down on his pole. His hands went to my shirt buttons, then to my bra, and my breasts were free in no time. Quinn covered them with his hands, massaging and squeezing lightly until my nipples turned into stiff, nubby points. Inflamed with desire, I started bouncing and gyrating in his lap, my hair flying this way and that.

Then Quinn found the lever on the side of the chair that raised the back up to a

normal sitting position. In a moment he was sitting upright, and he wasted no time pressing his face into my cleavage. His lips closed over one of my nipples, then the other, and as he sucked and moaned with zeal, I rode his cock with an ever-increasing passion of my own. I put my arms around his shoulders and put my feet down on the floor, which made it easier to grind against Quinn's balls on each descent. He reached around to grab my ass, and we rutted together for several noisy, sweaty minutes. Eventually, I felt him tense up all over, as if every muscle in his body had gone rigid, and half a second later, his cock exploded inside me. I held on tight to him and focused on every thrust, every liquid pulse, until I, too, came wildly. It was my

second climax of the evening and the most powerful I'd felt in a long while.

The room had grown dark. The only light came from a street lamp outside, leaking through the cracks in the window blinds. Quinn got dressed and kissed me good-bye. I lay back in the chair after he'd gone, enjoying the afterglow and the certain knowledge that he'd be back.

—K.R., Duluth, Minnesota

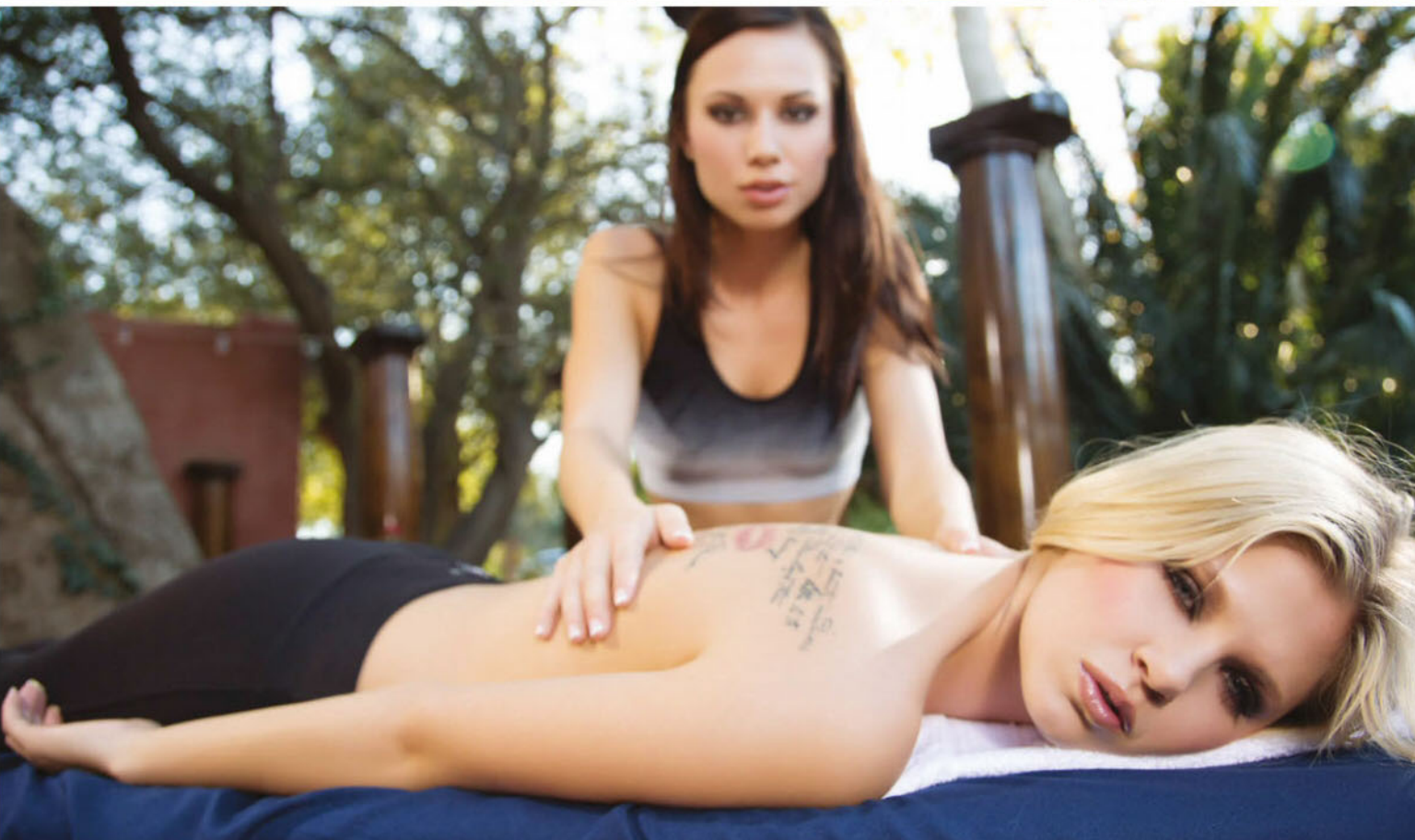
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THE FRIENDLY SKIES

A frisky traveler enjoys a first-class ride—
courtesy of her sexy seatmate.

By Layla Wilde

I was sitting alone at the airport bar, sipping my cosmopolitan while I waited for the call to board my plane. When I looked up to grab the bartender's attention, ready to pay and be on my way, I connected with the warm gaze of a man seated at the other end of the bar. After I signed my check, I found I had a neighbor.

"James," he said, introducing himself and extending his large hand for a shake. A dark blue suit melded to his muscular physique. The tailored garment was clearly designed to showcase the man within. Beneath his jacket, he wore a crisp white button-down and a red silk tie. Everything about him screamed expensive, but the outfit was no more than a fabulous wrapper for a delightfully sinful treat. I was much more interested in what lay inside all of that fabric.

I opened my mouth to respond to him when my flight and row were announced, cutting me off. "I'm sorry, James, but that's my call." Yes, his chiseled jaw and dark brown hair were enticing, but I needed to get on that plane. I figured I would never see James again.

I settled into my seat in the first-class cabin and gratefully accepted the glass of sparkling wine that I was offered. I closed my eyes and sipped my drink, the bubbles dancing across my tongue. Even after years of travel, takeoffs and landings scare the crap out of me, and I'm often on edge throughout the entire flight. That said, a few drinks beforehand always ease my tension. My mind buzzing happily, I was nearly drifting off to sleep when a voice rumbled beside me.

"So we meet again."

I opened my eyes, barely believing that James, of the airport bar, was about to sit next to me. What a delicious surprise!

"Today's my lucky day," he said. "I've never had such a gorgeous seatmate before."

I smiled, intrigued by this interesting turn of events. Having James as a seatmate could definitely be fun. The nerve-racking cross-country flight suddenly held some interesting potential.

Initially, James settled in with some headphones, leaving me to handle takeoff on my own. I gripped the arms of my seat and gritted my teeth, willing myself to keep it together until the plane evened out and we reached cruising altitude.

"OUR PHYSICAL CONNECTION SENT LITTLE WAVES OF PLEASURE ROLLING THROUGH MY BODY."

We were finally past the steep, bumpy ascent when I felt James's hand rest atop mine. He must've sensed my apprehension. "Hey," he whispered, "are you all right?"

Suddenly, I was. His tender touch was all my mind needed to quiet down. I nodded. "Yes, thank you." Then I added, "Sometimes takeoffs still rattle me, but you holding my hand helps." Our physical connection also sent little waves of pleasure rolling through my body, reminding me that it had been quite some time since a man had put his hands on

me. I shifted in the seat, determined to ignore the ever-increasing pulse between my thighs but failing entirely.

"If you think it'd help, I'll hold your hand the whole flight—or anything else for that matter," he said with a wink.

He had my attention there. Anything else? James was either the most shameless pickup artist of all time or the most innocent man I'd ever met. There was only one way to find out.

"Thank you," I replied in my most breathy, damsel-in-distress voice. "I know I was quick to leave you at the bar, but I'm so afraid of flying I tend to get stuck in my head before a flight." I fixed him with my most innocent stare. Any desire I had to sleep through the trip was instantly abandoned. I wanted to see what James would do to distract me from my "fear."

Before he could respond, the cabin lights dimmed and a flight attendant walked down the aisle offering blankets. I accepted one gratefully, pulling the blanket to my chin as my eyes darted sideways to James. He leaned toward me, breathing a warm puff of air against my ear as he whispered, "That blanket could make our flight very fun. It's incredible how something so simple and thin can conceal so much." His hand slipped beneath the blanket, drifting along my hemline and across my bare thigh until he brushed my knee. His fingers meandered along the sensitive skin, giving me chills. "It's perfect for playing a game of 'Nervous.'"

I met his gaze, confused but curious where he was going with this. "Nervous?"

"You know," he drawled, placing his other hand on top of the blanket. His fingers trailed along my thigh, the sensations dulled by cheap airport fleece.



"I touch you, and then I ask if you're nervous. As long as you say 'no,' I get to keep touching."

I relaxed into the seat, content to let his hands wander. A lazy smile spread across my face. I lifted my hips off the seat, pushing myself against his hand and wordlessly begging for more. "I'm not sure I understand this game. What happens exactly?"

He chuckled. "Lucky for you, I'm an excellent teacher." Under the blanket, his fingers grazed the sensitive flesh behind my knee, making me jump. "While we play, I'll touch you like this," he wiggled his fingers, making me squirm. "And I'll ask: Are you nervous?"

I shook my head, so he kept moving. His hand slid down, cupping my calf muscle, then swooped around again, leaving goose pimples in its wake. He slipped beneath the hem of my dress, his palm settling on my thigh. His fingers brushed across my skin. Back and forth, back and forth. Every feathery stroke set my nerve endings aflame. Moisture dampened my panties as my clit eagerly awaited its turn. I spread my thighs a bit, encouraging James to wander farther, faster.

His deft fingers continued their dance toward my crotch, lingering on the patch of flesh closest to my pussy. "How about now?" he asked. "Are you nervous?"

"No, I'm hot," I groaned, my hips circling as I tried to lure his hand to where I needed it most.

He laughed. "Well, I could take the blanket off, but I think we'll both have a better time if I got under there with you."

James smiled at me, the heat of his eyes making me melt from the inside out. He leaned closer, his lips brushing against my ear as he whispered, "We're on a redeye. The lights are dimmed, everyone around us is sleeping, and the flight attendants won't be back around for hours." He paused, looking deep into my eyes and making my pussy ache with need. "All things considered, I think it's time for a new game. Let's see how wild

EROTICA

I can make you, without you making a sound.”

Now that suggestion got my attention. “I should warn you, I’m a former hide-and-seek champion. I could sit quietly for hours and hours.”

That was all the encouragement James needed. He slipped silently to the floor in front of my seat and burrowed beneath the blue fleece throw. The blanket covered him completely. If anyone were to look over, I would appear to be merely a sleeping passenger. It was so erotic, so

arousing. I opened my legs wider, inviting him deeper.

Not being able to see what James was doing made the sensations more intense. He pushed my dress up to my hips, making me wiggle in my seat. My panties were next to go, and he brought his face close to my crotch. A quiet groan came from under the blanket, and I tapped his head to quiet him. It turns out I didn’t need to worry. James found far more productive things to do with his mouth.

Warmth spread across my abdomen

as his mouth claimed my clit, gently rolling it between his lips while he softly hummed an impossibly erotic tune. I had to stifle a moan when the rolling and sucking graduated to light flicks of his tongue. My fingers gripped the armrest as I struggled to keep still. Every one of my muscles seemed to go haywire as his mouth worked its magic on me.

James altered his technique again, placing a thumb over my clit while his tongue found my hot, wet entrance. My body jerked, the new rhythm sending wild sensations coursing through me. He danced around my folds for a while, circling my clit with his thumb while licking my slit up and down and side to side. My over-sensitized skin was singing, but I kept my mouth slammed shut. The minute I made a sound the game would be over, and I wasn’t willing to let that happen.

Finally, his tongue pressed inside me, offering my pussy a tantalizing preview of what could happen if he actually fucked me. I sank lower in my seat, demanding more pressure, more speed, more... something.

Then two fingers replaced his tongue, and I found heaven. I pulled my lip between my teeth, biting down hard to stifle a groan. The pain only intensified what I was feeling, and I found myself writhing in desperation. I clasped a hand over my mouth to keep from screaming, my body close to release.

While his fingers fucked, his mouth sucked, stimulating my clit until I thought I would explode with desire. His fingers curved upward, pushing against my walls with a light circling motion that sent me into a blissful stupor. Pressure built within me like a champagne bottle that had been shaken.

My head tilted back as another moan nearly escaped my lips, the sea of feelings threatening to drown me. One last lick sent me over the edge. My pussy clamped down on his fingers as I experienced the most intense orgasm



of my life. I gasped for air, choking it down like a fish out of water. My descent back to earth was slow but blissful. I don't know if it was the possibility of being caught or the excitement of a new partner—or maybe both. Whatever it was, James had given me some of the greatest pleasures I'd ever known.

My travel companion crawled out from under the blanket and pulled himself into the seat next to me, his handsome face glossy with my juices. "I think you're going to owe the airline for what you just did to that seat."

I smacked his arm. "Shut up," I whispered, scandalized by his suggestion. Though truthfully, James's carefree, confident attitude was rubbing off on me. I reached over and palmed his dick. "You got to please me, now I want to please you."

James looked at me, both eyebrows raised. "As much as I'd love to feel those pretty lips wrapped around my cock, I don't feel comfortable with you blowing me under a blanket."

I raised my eyebrows right back at him. "Well, as much as I hate double standards, I'm inclined to agree. I don't want to get caught blowing you in public. But I bet we could find a free bathroom. Besides, I've always wanted to join the Mile-High Club."

This time, I got a smile. "You lead the way, and I'll be right behind you."

I rose from my seat, straddling his lap as I made my way into the aisle. My thighs closed around him briefly, as if giving him a quick hug with my legs before moving on. Being bold was fun, and I wasn't ready for the adventure to end.

As I silently and carefully made my way to the first-class bathrooms, I surveyed the seats around us. James was right. Most were empty, and the few passengers who were onboard were out cold. Even the flight attendant tucked at the back of first-class looked like she'd been sleeping for hours. I smiled. Perfect.



"MY HIPS ROCKED AGAINST HIS, LOVING THE FRICTION HIS COCK CREATED AGAINST MY CROTCH."

I picked the restroom farthest from everyone's seats, conscious of the fact that James was watching me, waiting for the moment to sneak inside and join me. I gently closed the door behind me, trying to be as quiet as possible, desperate to remain unnoticed.

As I waited patiently for James, I inspected my reflection, loving how the heated blush of arousal lingered on my cheeks. A gorgeous afterglow from my inflight orgasm. It was better than any bronzer I'd ever tried. My hair was tousled, the bodice of my dress askew. I looked as sexy as hell. Satisfied—but ready for more.

I was tugging my dress back into place when a light knock sounded on the door.

James pushed into the bathroom and pressed a finger to my lips. "We're going to have to play that quiet game again," he whispered.

I nodded, my eyes wide as I anticipated another amazing orgasm. Honestly, I was surprised by how much I'd enjoyed trying to stay silent while my body screamed in ecstasy. There was something insanely hot about having to keep all of my pleasure completely to myself.

James sat down on the toilet, pulling me onto his lap. "Not the most romantic space, but I'll take what I can get." His lips landed at my neck, licking and sucking enough to make me shiver. I shifted in his lap, pressing my thighs together to soothe the ache below, but his erection poking against me did nothing to lessen my hunger.

Before I could maneuver my body and slip my hand inside his pants, he lifted me off his lap and helped me straddle him. This position pressed my pussy against what was clearly an impressively hard penis. My hips rocked against his, loving the friction his cock created against my crotch.

Meanwhile, James continued to devour me, his tongue touching and tasting every bit of my exposed flesh. I nearly groaned when he pulled my bottom lip between his teeth and sucked. Every



caress made me wild with need. I shifted over him again, angling my hips so my clit rubbed against him as I frantically sought relief.

When James broke our lip lock, I decided I wanted to do some exploring of my own. I slid down to the floor, kneeling between his legs. "I need to taste you."

I licked my lips, unzipping his pants to free his dick. My mouth watered as I manhandled his erection. He was way bigger than my vibrator. Thick, long and throbbing, he completely filled my fist. I smoothed my thumb over his tip, spreading the tiny bit of moisture that was beading at the head. Then I sucked him into my mouth, rolling my tongue over the top and working the base with my hand until I was rewarded with a helpless groan.

His obvious approval encouraged me. I slid his thick, hard cock into my mouth until I felt it hit the back of my throat. Once I was confident I could take all of him, I repeated the motion, skimming my mouth from base to tip. My hand came along for the ride, my wrist twisting as I pumped him. James tangled his fingers in my hair, and muttered curses escaped

"JAMES'S PLEASURE FUELED MY AROUSAL. EVERY GROAN MADE ME SUCK HARDER."

his lips as our "quiet" game was totally abandoned.

James's pleasure fueled my arousal. Every groan made me suck harder and faster. I glanced up at him, the wild look in his eyes making my cunt throb. I stopped sucking, releasing his dick from my mouth with a pop. Then I started to lick, my tongue circling his cockhead with urgency, like it was a delicious ice-cream cone melting in the summer's heat.

"Oh, God—it's so good," he groaned, hips moving furiously as he pumped into me. I held my head still for a moment,

allowing James to fuck my face. He grunted, his fingers pulling my hair as he urged my head upward. "Please, please stop before I come in your mouth. I want to get off inside your pussy."

While James's velvety soft cock felt amazing against my tongue, I was even more curious to know how it would feel pounding my pussy. After planting a final kiss on the tip of his dick, I stood. He was slumped on the seat before me. I towered above him in my too-high heels. I was primed and ready to ride. "Condom?" I asked, extending my hand.

James looked dazed and drunk. He reached beneath himself and pulled a wallet from his back pocket. "Somewhere in here," he said, thrusting the billfold at me.

I grabbed the wallet, pulling it open to look for the all-important condom. Meanwhile, my pussy pulsed between my thighs, clearly growing impatient. Once I spied the foil packet, there was no holding me back. I tore the package open with my teeth and took the condom between my lips. I lowered my mouth down his cock, using my lips and tongue to slide the rubber to the base of his erection.

Once James was sheathed, I settled my knees on either side of his hips, gazing into his dark eyes as I lowered myself onto his shaft. I took a breath, relaxing my muscles so that I could fully take him. My pussy opened slowly, gradually allowing him entry as my body adjusted to his girth. He perfectly pressed against my G-spot without even trying. Never before had I felt so full. My muscles twitched around him, the slightest movement sending shockwaves through me.

A quick shimmy of my hips worked the last inches of James deep into my core. Then I rose briefly before slamming down. My pussy slid along his length, my inner walls tingling. But it still wasn't enough. I wanted it harder, faster. I planted my hands on his shoulders for leverage in

order to take him over and over again at a pace that would sate my erotic hunger.

I gyrated my hips and clenched my internal muscles. My position allowed me to face James and really enjoy how crazy I made him. His expression was an irresistible reflection of tortured ecstasy. His breath came in short bursts, and his fingers gripped my ass in desperation while I rode him with an animalistic intensity. Before long, James began to lose control. He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes tight, struggling to stay silent. But the less you see, the more you feel. Quiet was becoming harder to maintain.

James slid his hand between us, spreading his fingers across my abdomen as he bucked upward and drove his dick into me. His thumb found my clit and started another torturous dance over that tender nub of flesh. Round and round went his thumb, making me quake as I tried to contain my moans. My pussy clenched around his dick as my climax fast approached. Every thrust smacked his cock right against my G-spot, jacking me up until I was wild with need. The room spun as I tried to absorb the sensations and maintain the frantic pace of our wild fuck.

The first wave of my orgasm hit and my back arched like a cat, shoving my tits into James's face. He gripped my bodice with one hand, pulling it down so that both of my breasts were exposed. His lips closed around one of my nipples, sucking me in with a gentle tug. The erect bud seemed to be connected to my clit. Every motion of his lips and tongue on my nipple sent another jolt of ecstasy straight to my pussy. A moan echoed in my chest, and I bit my lip to contain the sound.

I increased my speed, my hips rocking furiously against James. He was barely containing his own groans as he pumped his hips. I leaned back, angling myself so that every stroke of his cock made my body sing. My pussy was pulsing, gripping James and demanding

satisfaction. Then light exploded behind my shut eyelids as another orgasm rocked me. My head fell to my chest, my cunt twitching around his dick and coaxing him toward his own release.

A sharp upward thrust from James almost unseated me. I gasped when he wrapped his arms around me, his fingers digging into my fleshy hips, as he rode me to his finish. I rocked from side to side while he drove into me, barely able to keep my mount on his cock. No matter how I tried, I couldn't match his furious pace as he catapulted toward his climax.

When James's orgasm claimed him,

he slammed into me one last time, his fingers flexing as he emptied his load inside me. Afterward, he leaned forward, his face buried in my breasts. My cleavage muffled his heaving breaths and happy sighs.

After a few moments, his eyes fluttered open and a lazy smile spread across his face. "Is New York your final stop?"

"Yes, until my next trip."

His palm stroked my lower back. "I have an eight-hour layover. Any suggestions for things to do while I wait?"

"Yes...me." 





LETTER OF THE MONTH

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

In the spirit of masquerade, inhibitions are shed and a wild wife finds her ultimate bliss.

We were invited to the party of the year. A masquerade ball thrown by my boss's wife. Maggie was beyond happy when we got the nod. She read the invite out loud to me, even though I was the one who'd delivered the card to her.

You are invited to the party to end all parties. Ladies, you are the beauties. Please arrive in a formal gown and a fetching mask. Something that will not only shield your identity but augment your beauty. Gentleman, you are the beasts. Dangerous, brutish masks are expected, as are tuxedos. Mingle, drink, and see what happens...

Maggie kissed me, and when I responded heartily, she pushed me against the kitchen counter. I wrapped my arms around her and opened my mouth, swirling my tongue against hers.

"I'm very happy," she said, pulling back to look me in the eye.

"I'm glad, Mags."

"It's sexy."

I grinned. "I know. I knew you'd be happy when Mitchell told me we were on Ann Marie's guest list."

A shiver overtook my wife, and she sighed. Then she dropped to her knees and pulled my zipper down.

"What are ya doing?" I asked, but my voice was a little strangled. Maggie could suck a cock like nobody's business.

I watched her long red nails slide down my length and then her little pink tongue dart out to swoop over the shiny tip of my dick.

"I'm expressing my excitement in a very carnal way," she said.

Then the top half of my hard-on disappeared in her pretty mouth and my brain shut down. She sucked hard and fast, but when I began to buck toward

her, she gentled her pace.

"That's torture," I hissed, sliding my fingers into her short blonde hair and tugging it.

"I know." She went back to sucking me, driving her plump lips down my shaft so that I could feel the tip of my dick nudging her throat. I groaned, knowing how deep she was taking me. Past her comfort level no doubt, but she never gagged, she just sucked air through her nose like she was about to dive and

**"SOMEHOW
PICTURING MY
BOSS FUCKING
HER WAS A TURN-
ON THAT STOLE
MY BREATH."**

needed as much as she could get.

I thrust into her slick mouth over and over again with no manners and no restraint. She moaned around me, and the vibrations shot up through my dick and into my pelvis. Her fingers curled against my thighs and scratched the fabric of my pants.

I lost it when she pulled free and started to work my cock with her small fist, dipping her head to suck my balls into her mouth and gently tonguing my sac.

"Jesus, fuck me twice," I growled and shot my load all over her lovely face and hair.

"I don't know about him," she said,

looking up at me with her beautiful brown eyes. "But I'd like to fuck you twice. And then go shopping for a mask and a gown."

I held out my hand and helped her up. Some of my come dotted her lip, and she kissed me full on the mouth. I tasted the metal and salt flavor of myself.

"What about you? What do you want to be?"

I shrugged. "I guess I'll have to see what's there."

She made me promise we'd go shopping, and given the fact that I was floating on blowjob endorphins, I had no problem agreeing.

The next day she took me to fancy malls and ritzy stores. We dropped way too much money on a daringly low-cut black gown. The front was modest, but the back dipped almost to the top of her asscrack. Not only did my dick get hard when I looked at her in that dress, but I actually salivated like the predator I was supposed to be. I also wondered how many of the beastly male guests would be jealous of me when they saw my beauty.

She fussed over my tux as the tailor made adjustments and told us we could pick it up in a week.

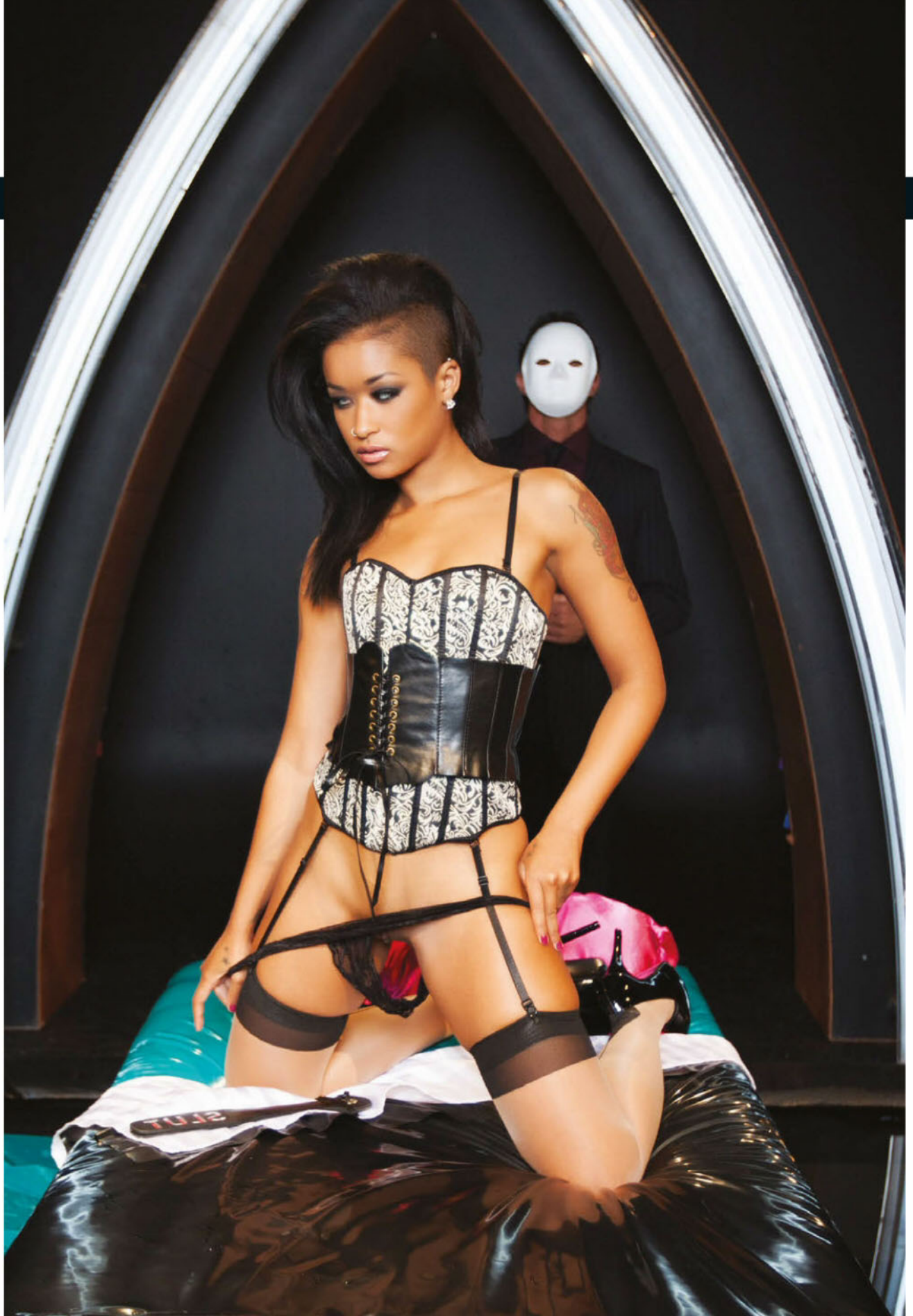
"That's right before the party. We're cutting it close," she said, frowning.

I put my hand on her ass to guide her out of the store. "It's fine. It'll be perfect."

In a luxury boutique, she found an elegant half mask that reminded her of Mardi Gras and made her very happy. It was a black, white, and silver, harlequin-inspired mask with a tuft of feathers along the top.

She held it up, and the contrasting colors against her lovely corn-silk hair were striking. "Perfect," I said.

"Now you." She took my hand and led me to the animalistic masks.



LETTER OF THE MONTH



"I like this one," she said. Maggie pulled down a three-quarter length lion mask. It would shield my face down to my upper lip and jaw, which seemed wise if we planned to drink at the party. The mask itself looked exactly like a lion, but it was done entirely in grayscale. No color. No golds or yellows. Just the defined feline features of the king of the jungle in tones of gray. Which made it different. Which pleased my wife to no end.

"I like this one better," I said, pulling a panther mask from the shelf. It was done in the same tones of gray.

"Oh, nice. Yes." She put the lion back and held the panther over my face. "Sexy beast." Then she reached out to stroke my cock through my jeans. She squeezed my bulge, and my dick jerked to life. "This is going to be fun."

The night of the party Maggie was working herself into a frenzy.

"I'm really nervous," she said breathlessly as I zipped up her dress.

"I know. Don't be. You'll be the belle of the ball."

She snorted. "Hardly."

I dipped my fingers beneath the low back of her gown and skimmed the small of her back gently. "I think you will, love.

"I WATCHED HIS FOREARM MOVE AND FLEX AS HE SHOVED HIS BIG FINGERS INTO HER CUNT."

You're absolutely stunning."

She turned to kiss me, and I could feel the vibration of nervousness running through her petite body.

"You need to calm down," I said.

"I know."

"Let me help." I pushed her back onto the bench of her vanity and hiked up her dress. She said my name and shook her head, but color flushed her cheeks. "Just a taste," I assured her.

I pushed her gray silk panties to the side and moved her thighs farther apart with my elbow. I lapped at her pussy with great leisure. We had plenty of time. She

sighed softly, and I felt her inner thighs tense and then tremble—my signal that what I was doing was working. I sucked her clit and before soothing it with long, slow, even strokes. I made my tongue flat and wide and worked her until I felt her hips rise. Then I pushed two fingers into her cunt, coating my fingertips with her cream. I spread it around her clit. Her hands had found their way into my hair, and I knew I had her. I proceeded to lick the gathered moisture off her hard nub. Pushing my fingers back into her pussy, I curled them over and over again, quickly working and licking her to a swift orgasm. She let out a long, relieved breath.

"Better?"

"Better," Maggie said.

"Good, now let's finish getting ready and go."

When we walked into my boss's home, she gripped my arm tightly and whispered in my ear, "Party? This is like a fucking ball...or a gala. Or whatever rich people call a ridiculously opulent event."

I nodded behind my mask. It was oddly comfortable, and I had no sense of suffocation like I'd feared.

I snagged us some champagne from a passing tray. As we sipped, I saw some people in full-face masks and was grateful we hadn't gone that route. Every time they ate or drank they had to tip their masks back.

I whispered in her ear, "That was poor planning on their part." Then I squeezed her to me.

Maggie giggled. "Be nice. Not everyone has a smart wife who would make sure your mouth would be free to eat, drink, and be merry."

"That guy must," I said, pointing across the room. The man across the way was wearing a mask similar like mine, only he was a wolf.

Maggie shivered against me, and I laughed. "I like the wolf."

"The big bad wolf," I growled in her ear.

"Goosebumps," she hissed, rubbing her neck for dramatic effect.

I don't know if the guy could tell we were talking about him or what, but he approached quickly, a glass of champagne in his big hand.

"Hello, you two."

I laughed. "Mags, this is my boss, Mitchell. Mitchell this is Maggie, my wife. I see you have good taste in masks."

"As do you."

"And where's our hostess?" Maggie asked, shaking his hand demurely.

"Lord knows. She's around here somewhere. Last I saw, she was with a jackal and a grizzly bear."

The band struck up a song that was entirely instrumental and eerie. "May I steal your beautiful bride?" he asked me.

I bowed slightly. "Of course."

Maggie took the hand offered, and I could see the red flush of excitement in her décolletage. My cock grew stiff in my tux pants. I pictured the big bad wolf fucking her from behind and had to inhale deeply behind my mask. I'd only shared Maggie twice before; it had to be with the right kind of man, but somehow picturing my rich, successful boss fucking her was a turn-on that stole my breath. Imagining my pretty Maggie in her gorgeous dress caught between a wolf and a panther... even better.

I watched them dance, seeing how well they played off each other. Maggie followed his lead easily; he guided her with a gentle sternness. I shook my head. There was no fucking way he'd go for it. He was just being polite.

Twice, I caught her gaze as they twirled past me. The look on her face said she was thinking the same thing I was, and damn if I couldn't tell that even with the mask covering part of her face.

When they returned to me, she was clutching his arm in that way she had. Possessive but shy.

"I just offered Maggie a tour of upstairs. Any interest in joining us?" he said.

I almost laughed but bit my tongue. "Sure. Let's go."



She'd worked her magic. She'd clued him in, and she'd set this up. I love my wife. I love her even more when she wants something and sets out immediately to get it. In this case, me and my boss fucking her like a shameless, masked slut.

They walked up the steps arm-in-arm, and it finally clicked—what he'd said earlier, that is. His wife had disappeared with two men. Seemed we weren't the only couple at the party who didn't mind sharing. For all I knew, that's what this party was about.

The hallways were long and lined with doors. This was definitely the home of rich people. At the end of the hall, he cracked one of the doors.

"Our favorite guest room," he said.

Maggie cooed at the look of it. High ceilings, opulent furniture, and floor-to-ceiling windows that looked out over the city. The mattress was a king and done up in rich bedding. He spun her toward the bed, but before she could take a

step, he unfastened the dress's clasp at the nape of her neck. Then he drew down the short zipper at the base of her spine.

"Your wife is stunning," he said to me.

"I know." I watched silently as he drew the dress down and left her standing there in nothing but her panties, thigh-high stockings, and heels. And the mask, of course.

He kissed her, running his fingers through her hair, and I heard her sigh. I didn't move. I was happy to observe and listen. My cock ached and seemed to throb in time with my heart, but I simply ignored it and took in the sight of another man admiring what was mine.

His hands skimmed up her sides, and when he hit the middle where her ribs were most prominent, she giggled. Just as I knew she would. I smiled beneath my panther mask and watched the wolf stroke my beauty.

Mitchell traced the pale skin around her nipples and watched the pink peaks pebble into hard points. Then he dipped

LETTER OF THE MONTH



his lupine head to suck them roughly. She made that noise in the back of her throat and turned her gaze to me, her red-painted lips parted from pleasure.

His hand dipped into her panties and another noise followed the first. He got right up against her, and I watched his forearm move and flex as he shoved his big fingers into her cunt. I caved and brushed my palm across my hard-on. Just enough friction to make me feel crazy. Then I shoved my hands into my pockets and watched as Mitchell backed Maggie toward the bed, her hands dancing along his shoulders and the nape of his neck to keep her balance.

He laid her flat and pulled her panties off. He looked up at me and beckoned me closer. I moved slowly, like my feet were made of lead. I got up close and watched him insinuate himself between her legs.

He licked up her inner thighs, biting gently as he went. When she bucked her hips and gripped the bedding in her fists, he bit her harder at the top of her thigh. I studied the red circle and knew it would become bruise. My cock jerked in my pants. He'd marked my wife.

**“HE LOOKED DOWN,
DRAGGING HIS
COCK ALONG HER
SLIT, AND THEN
SLID INTO HER.”**

He ate her like she was the finest entrée. His tongue worked her into a frenzy, flicking and swirling. I remembered my mouth had been there before this party. I'd eaten that pussy, and now he was there, getting seconds. Was she creamier? Richer? More savory? Just because my mouth had been there first?

“Delicious,” he said, sliding up to kiss her neck. He avoided her lips, and she didn't encourage him. Kissing lips is reserved for me.

He dropped a kiss on her shoulder,

and then sat up. He stood by the edge of the bed and slowly disrobed. My boss is a big guy, but seeing him naked I realized how fucking buff he was. He had ten years on me and apparently a gym membership, too.

Maggie took the hand he held out, and she sat up on the edge of the bed. She leaned forward when he cupped the back of her head and nudged his cock against her lips. She opened her mouth and sucked him in. Her eyes drifted shut, and the mask accentuated her long, dark lashes. He went slow at first, and then held her shoulders in his hands and started to fuck her mouth in earnest.

I lost all resolve, unzipping my pants and hauling out my cock. I gripped myself so tight it was nearly painful and started to jerk off as I watched her go down him. She made those airy little noises as she sucked him, and they had the same reaction on Mitchell as they do on me. He growled and shoved a hand into her hair, holding her so he could use her mouth the way he needed. His breath grew faster and louder, and he took a stumbling step back at the last second.

“Get on the bed. Hands and knees, lovely.” She did as she was told, her eyes shiny and her lips plump from sucking his dick. She glanced at me and smiled. That smile was almost enough to make me blow my load.

He glanced at me, his eyes feverish in the eyeholes of his mask. “Pants off. She's going to suck your cock while I fuck her. You'd like that wouldn't you?”

I could only nod.

He pushed his fingers into her pussy from behind and said gruffly, “You'd like that, too, wouldn't you, love?”

Maggie could only nod manically, her head bobbing up and down as her body strained backward to urge his thrusting fingers as deeply as possible.

He climbed onto the bed behind her and nodded to me. I stood there without my pants, breathing hard in my panther mask and anticipating what was next.

He looked down at her cunt, dragging his cock along her slit, and then slid into her. I couldn't see the particulars, but there was no mistaking the body movements. I moved close to the edge of the bed and slipped my cock along her lower lip. She licked me instantly, mewling softly with her eyes bright and a bit crazed.

"Fuck my mouth," she whispered as Mitchell grabbed her hips and jammed into her cunt. His thrust drove her onto my dick, and I groaned. Not just from the feeling of her searing tongue on me, but also from the motion of him fucking her mouth onto me.

He slammed her hard, scooting her forward. Her soft mouth enveloped me entirely. Her eyes rolled back in her head. Her fingers curled in the bedding. She groaned and growled and sighed around my dick.

I held her pretty head in my hands and fucked her mouth harder. She sucked air through her nose and wriggled, pinned between my cock and his—the panther and the wolf. I bit my lip to keep from coming.

The wolf looked at me over the expanse of my wife. "Spit-roasting," he said with a small laugh.

She moaned and her body bucked, and I knew his rude term had sent her over the edge. She'd climaxed from the idea of us using her in tandem. Me taking her mouth, him taking her cunt.

"Good, I like that you came," he said, pulling out of her pussy and stroking her back tenderly. "How about another?" he queried.

"Put your fingers in her ass," I said, by way of help. "Two. Then fuck her in both holes." I shoved myself way down in her throat and felt her muscles work around me.

She shut her eyes for a moment, and I said, "Mags, eyes open. Watch me while he reams you."

Her eyes opened, and I smiled down at her. She sucked me harder, and I felt the

draw of her mouth all the way in my balls and belly. I had a minute or two left...if that.

I watched my boss lick two of his fingers, then guide his cock back into my wife's snug pussy. He played his wet digits around her back hole, and she loved it. I could tell because her rhythm on my dick faltered, and she sucked in a rush of air.

He pushed, and she groaned. And then his hand and his hips were moving simultaneously. He fucked her ass with his fingers as he drove into her cunt over and over again. "She's so tight," he said to me. "Everywhere."

"Everywhere," I echoed. Because she was. Every hole my Maggie possessed was tight and willing and incredible.

His eyes drifted shut, and I studied the wolf as he fucked my girl. His big body crowded her, his broad pelvis slamming her ass. His forearm flexed and danced as he rocketed his fingers in and out of her ass.

He picked up his pace, and she whimpered, her lips quivering around my pistoning cock. "Harder," I said to him.

He obeyed, fucking her faster and with more intensity. She slurped at me and

then shivered from head to toe as she climaxed.

My boss groaned his defeat and pulled his cock out, jacking it hard and fast and shooting his cream all over her back. His load arced toward me leaving, pearly trails on her skin.

I shook my head, gritted my teeth, and held her face in my hands but failed to hold on any longer. I emptied into her mouth and throat as her tongue swirled around me.

I moved back, breathing hard.

My boss climbed off the bed and stroked her hair before gathering his clothes. "Of all the beauties here tonight, you were by far the most stunning prey, Maggie. Lovely meeting you."

Then he tipped me another nod and walked out.

I kissed her mouth. "Everything you'd hoped for?"

"Oh, the party far surpassed my wildest dreams. Now let's go mingle and eat. I'd like to meet the wolf's beauty."

"Curious what she's like?" I grinned at her.

"Oh, I'm dying to know what she's like—and if she wants to play."

—B.K., San Francisco, California





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▾ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

TENT PARTY

Nothing says happy birthday like hot three-way sex!

The year I turned 21, my friend Dan decided we should have a tent party. He had a tent that could accommodate four to six people fairly comfortably, and we decided to turn his backyard into party central.

The weather was cool, and I was grateful that we didn't get the streak of early autumn heat we often experienced around my birthday. It was me, Dan, Sam, Kelly, and Mary. We fit fairly comfortably. I brought my laptop, and we had music playing from someone's phone. There were shots, beer, streaming TV, and video games. Everything we needed for a fun night.

I've never been a big party person, so my girl, Mary, and my friends knew this kind of celebration was right up my alley. It wasn't long into the night before Sam and Kelly disappeared, heading for the basement of the house after taking a smoke break.

"They'll be gone for hours," Dan grumbled. "They'll go in there and they'll drink and fuck."

"And then drink some more," Mary said, putting her hand on my knee.

"And then fuck some more," Dan snorted.

Mary kissed my ear and then bit it gently. "Enjoying your birthday?"

I took the last swig of my beer and keyed up a stupid animated show. "I am. Perfect for me. I'd rather do this than a kegger."

She ran her hand up my thigh and lightly skimmed my cock through my jeans. I looked at her, startled, because Dan was nearby.

She winked. This time her fingers deliberately traced the outline of my cock. Obviously, it responded to her touch. And whatever strangeness she was up to.

She bent to kiss me, and I whispered, "Dan is right there..."

"I know," she said.

"And Dan can hear you," Dan commented, cracking another beer.

"I was thinking..." Mary began, straddling my lap.

My cock had sprung to life, and I had a hard time not touching her. My hands skated up her ribcage and disappeared beneath her tank top. I pinched her nipples hard, and she bucked her hips, moaning with wild abandon.

**"SHE WORMED HER
WAY DOWNWARD,
MAKING SURE
TO GRIND HER
LITHE BODY
AGAINST MINE."**

My dick didn't seem to care that my best friend was in the vicinity.

"You were thinking...what?" I managed, vaguely remembering that she'd been speaking.

"I was thinking that if we got the opportunity, we could fuck. And Dan could watch."

My eyes darted to Dan, who smiled at me. "She asked me. I told her it was up to you, birthday boy."

The idea seemed filthy and strange and utterly brilliant.

"But the other two..." I said.

"Will be gone for hours," Mary said, peeling off her tank and dropping it onto

the ground without a care.

My gaze went to Dan, and I watched him watching her. I saw his eyes tracking down the length of her body—and the way his hand strayed toward his crotch and deliberately brushed his dick.

"Are you sure?" I groaned when she pinched her own nipples.

"I've been wanting this forever," she uttered. "I thought it would be a nice surprise for you."

It was nice, and definitely surprising. When she leaned in to kiss me, I lifted my hips, pressing my erection against her hot center. She was still wearing her jeans, but the temperature difference between her crotch and the rest of her was palpable in the coolness inside the tent.

Mary managed to peel off her jeans and toss them to the side. Then she kissed me square on the mouth again and bit my lower lip.

She wormed her way downward, making sure to grind her lithe body against mine every inch of the way. Her cool fingers ran over my belly just above my belt, and I heard Dan growl softly. Somehow him being in such close proximity and watching all this made the moment that much better. My cock was incredibly hard, and she hadn't even touched it.

Mary's dark hair brushed my belly as she moved lower, unbuttoning my jeans swiftly. "I want you inside me," she said loud enough for us both to hear above the TV show. "But first I want to suck your cock."

She was now in nothing but a thong, and I knew for a fact that Dan would be staring at that tight peach of her ass as she worked. And probably rubbing his dick. That thought turned me on.

She slipped her hot, wet tongue

across my pelvis and gently bit the flesh above my hard-on. My dick was desperate for her mouth. And when she wrapped her wet lips around my cockhead, I had to grit my teeth because I wanted to let loose immediately. And there was no fucking way I was going to let that happen.

I watched Mary slide her lips up and down my shaft. She kept her big blue eyes open and her gaze locked on me. Her fingers tickled my balls, and then she began jerking my cock in the wake of her wet mouth. She worked me up to the point where I was wild with lust and shoved my hands in her hair in order to force her down even faster and harder. She gasped and gagged and waggled her ass in a way that let me know she was wet and eager to please. My hips shot up, driving into her willing mouth even as I yanked her head down.

I heard Dan's zipper and bit my lower lip. Part of me was stunned, but the majority of me was turned on. He was going to jerk off while watching us; that much was clear.

Mary moaned around my cock at the same zipper sound. I could tell the idea of Dan manhandling himself excited her by the way her body writhed as she sucked my dick. Her small, sexy sounds rumbled through me, and I grabbed her hair so tight she groaned.

I looked over to see Dan watching us, gripping his cock but not moving his fist. He was just watching and holding and waiting.

"Get on my dick."

Mary removed her mouth from my cock but gave my balls a wet swipe of her tongue before sitting upright and pulling off her thong. The interior of the tent had gotten warm, so I reached over to unzip one of the windows about a third of the way to get some air.

A cool breeze rushed in, and Mary moaned as she straddled me. Her gorgeous pink nipples grew tight in the chill, and I reached up, pinching them



between my fingers hard enough to make her mewl. She slowly lowered herself onto my cock. I watched her pussy take in my erection inch by inch. Her nether lips were flushed and swollen, and I bit my tongue to sharpen my focus. I wanted to come so badly, but there was no way in hell I wanted this to end right now. We'd just fucking started. Or we'd just started fucking.

She lifted and lowered herself over and over again. She brushed her hands along her breasts, her belly. She dipped a finger between us and stroked her clit as she rode me. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she chanted.

I found myself thrusting up hard from beneath her, stabbing into her with vigor because it made her squeal and moan. It also made Dan moan. And when I glanced at him, he was finally jerking off, his hand a blur on his dick as he watched us.

Mary's hair swung around her face. She leaned over me, breasts pressing against me and hair curtaining my face. She

kissed me, and when I stuck my tongue in her mouth, she sucked it like my dick.

When she sat up, I found the ends of her long hair and held it like reins. I tugged and pulled as she bucked against me, her hot, wet cunt gripping me perfectly. I concentrated on breathing and making her climax. I drove up hard and deep, yanked her hair, and hissed, "Come for me, my pretty little slut."

She tossed her head back and sang out as her orgasm rocked her. Her pussy rippled greedily around my cock.

When she slowed, I reached up and grabbed her hips, moving her from my lap. "On your knees," I growled. I didn't care who was with us now or who was watching. I was in the moment, and I wanted to hear her make those happy noises again. I wanted more of her vociferous, violent orgasms before I had mine.

One of the greatest joys in my life is making Mary scream in climactic bliss. I consider it one of my best talents.

LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

I positioned her how I wanted her: ass high and lower body pressed to the sleeping bags and foam mattress below. Her hair was spread out in a dark wave. I circled her asshole with my finger and felt her muscles tighten, but she sighed. Then I slid my cock along her wet slit, pushing the tip in and then taking it out—teasing her.

She groaned and pressed back against me, trying to goad me into fucking her. I laughed at her impatience.

I didn't look at Dan, but I could feel him there and hear his breath and the soft sound of his hand sliding up and down the length of his dick.

I pushed into her slowly, making her wait and writhe. She liked it fast and hard from behind, and to get her even juicier, I entered her at a glacial pace.

"Please, baby," she said.

Then I had to grit my teeth because when she says those pleading words I want to take her wherever she needs to go, however she wants to go. But

this time I didn't concede; I kept going gradually and steadily, even as she trembled beneath me.

When I was finally balls-deep inside her tight little cunt, I began to move. Not backing out very much at all. I gave her short deep thrusts that made my cock hit all the right places inside her. It was the fastest way to make her scream. The only thing faster was to get her to touch herself at the same time.

"Play with your pussy," I ordered. "I want you to come."

Dan let out a low moan, and the noise, coupled with the wet velvet feel of her cunt around me, had me on the edge again. I had to focus on anything but my cock, so I listened to the nonsense sounds of the TV show until I felt my control return.

Her fingers were flying over her clit as I drove into her welcoming pussy with measured, brutal thrusts. Her body quivered, and I felt the tips of her fingers brush my balls as she touched herself.

"Oh, fuck," she sighed. "Oh, baby. Right there. Just like that. I need—"

I knew what she needed before she said it. I gripped her hips and dug my fingers into the meaty part of her. I did it hard. She liked it when I left fingerprints on her pale skin. And I knew I would leave marks because she gasped at the strength I put behind my grip.

"Fuck, man," Dan whispered.

And then she was screaming again, letting her pleasure fill the night with sound. I laid a smack down on her ass and watched my handprint blossom. Then I turned my head and grinned at Dan. "Watch this. She is beyond multi-orgasmic."

"Oh, no. No, no," Mary said, but she pushed her body back toward me even as she spoke.

I smacked her again, swatting her ass with my open palm over and over until the color changed from a hot pink to a cherry red. While I stayed still, she repeatedly pushed herself back onto my dick, effectively fucking herself with my cock.

I thought Dan was going to blow, but in my peripheral vision I watched him raise his hands in the air like he was under arrest. Apparently, he was giving his cock a break so he could come at a more desirable time. Seemed he didn't want the fun to be over yet either.

I continued to spank her as she impaled herself on my dick until I couldn't stand it anymore. I put my foot on the floor for leverage and angled myself to get into her even deeper. I poked my fingers against the red, red flesh of her ass cheeks and started to fuck her hard, breaking off her rhythm and creating my own.

I carefully pushed my thumb into her asshole, watching it sink beyond the rosy ring of tight flesh. She growled, her hands gripping the sleeping bags until she held fistfuls of fabric in her small hands. She was cussing at me then but also begging, and Dan was panting so hard I thought he might pass out.

I held my breath long enough to get



“I FOUND MYSELF THRUSTING UP HARD FROM BENEATH HER, STABBING INTO HER WITH VIGOR.”

my focus and started to drive my thumb in and out of her ass as I fucked her. With my thumb, I could feel my own cock ramming into her, and I knew she could feel me rubbing that thin membrane between her cunt and ass.

She whimpered, and I felt her pussy tighten and clench. “Harder,” she said.

I chuckled. A moment ago she’d been begging me to stop, and now it was “harder.” So I fucked her harder.

Dan moaned, and I turned to look at him. “Don’t you come. I have an idea, but you have to hold on.” He looked startled but slowed his motions.

Mary heard me, too, because a low groan escaped her lips. I drove into her fast and deep and felt her break. The thumb in her ass and me turning the tables on her was too much. Another glorious orgasm bubbled up in her and wrung my cock so hard I feared I’d lose my battle and come, despite my best efforts to hold off.

When she went limp from pleasure, I rolled her onto her back. “No more,” she said, grinning at me. “No more...”

“Oh, more,” I said, stroking my dick as I looked down at her. I ran my cockhead along her belly button, over her pelvis. I circled her clit and her slick opening, and when she was wriggling with anticipation, I looked up at Dan. “Come hold her legs.”

Her eyes went wide, and her mouth popped open in utter surprise.



“What?” he asked, but he was already in motion.

“Get over here and hold her legs. She has to come two more times before we do.”

“Oh, I can’t,” Mary said. But I could hear in her voice she wasn’t certain. If anything, she was intrigued.

Then I said what I knew would set the wheels in motion anyway. “Orgasms on demand. Two more it is, or none for us, and then your birthday gift will be incomplete.”

“I can’t. I’m way too sensitive,” she said, but she licked her lips. I knew damn well she wanted to try.

She shook her head, but I nodded to Dan who put his big hands on her left leg. I held her right and pushed myself between her thighs. I brought my face to her pussy and blew gently on her clit. “I can give it a moment to cool off, baby,” I said, laughing softly, “but that’s it.”

She tossed her head and raised her hips and made a desperate noise, but I watched her nipples pebble and her thighs fall open. The fact that another

man’s hands were on her probably helped the situation. I could tell she was incredibly turned on.

I gave her a count of ten, and then lowered my mouth to her pussy and licked. I know the secret with Mary: slow and gentle until she starts to lose it. Then speed up and roughen up. To start, I went for exaggerated slowness because I wanted to make her suffer just enough to amuse me.

I licked her so gently my tongue ached. I lapped at her leisurely and then slipped my tongue into her cunt. She gasped and then actually sobbed. The sob made my cock jerk, and judging by the sound Dan made his must’ve had the same reaction.

“Please, baby,” she cried. “Please...”

I flicked her with my tongue, increasing my speed, and her mouth slammed shut. She thrust her trim hips up and my teeth dug into her mound. That always got her off somehow. I took her right to the edge and backed off. Another sob. That sound buckled me; I couldn’t hold back anymore.

I sucked her clit hard, the way she

LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

loved, and then waggled my tongue from side to side as fast as I could. Her hands slammed down on the top of my head and held me there as she came. She wasn't quiet about it, and I had to wonder what the neighbors were thinking out there in the dark night.

"Dan," I said, so she could hear. "Let

**"SHE GROANED
AND PRESSED
BACK AGAINST
ME, TRYING TO
GOAD ME INTO
FUCKING HER."**

her go. You're going to finger-fuck her now."

Everyone was silent for a moment. I took that time to straddle her face and bring my mouth back to her flushed, drenched cunt. "Unless anyone has any complaints," I said. No one uttered a word so I slipped my cock in her mouth. She started to suck, and I went back to licking her clit. I soon had a close-up view of my best friend shoving two of his fingers into Mary's cunt.

He fucked her like he meant it, finger-banging her wildly until he changed tactics. When he paused, I guessed that he was probably curling his fingers inside her pussy. She kept slamming her hips up in the air the way she does when I'm fingering her and hitting her G-spot.

I fucked her face, and she took every inch, her mouth and throat a hot, slick sheath for my dick.

I was so fucking close. I could feel my

climax coming, and this time there would be no escaping it. This orgasm was going to annihilate me.

I sucked her clit and then sucked harder. Dan drove his fingers into her, his wrist flexing as he worked her. I flicked her clit and then lapped at it. Her muffled moans echoed through me as she did her best to deal with my driving dick.

When she came, pleasure shook her from head to toe. I saw Dan withdraw his fingers and stroke her inner thigh. The sight of his hands on her was incredibly erotic. She sucked me hard, teasing my cockhead with her tongue. I came, emptying into her mouth as she lapped at me and made lovely porn-star noises.

I rolled off her and nodded to Dan. "Come on her," I said. "Unless Mary has an objection. Mary?"

She looked up at me and winked. "It's the least we can do," she said. She ran her toe along Dan's hard cock. His eyes slammed shut, and he shivered.

Then his hand was flying, his thumb occasionally sweeping over the weeping tip of his dick. When he came, it was with a bellow that sounded more animal than man. His cream shot out in thick, white ropes across her thighs.

We heard the back door of the house open, and in the tent there was a mad scramble of limbs and clothing and some laughter on Mary's part. When the two lovebirds finally reappeared from their basement fuckfest, we were somewhat put back together and lounging as if nothing had happened.

"Hey, guys," Sam said. "What were you all up to?"

"Watching TV. Drinking beer. Chilling," Mary said, snuggling against me.

Kelly wrinkled her nose. "Smells like sex in here."

Dan never looked up from the laptop screen. He took a swig of beer and said, totally deadpan, "You guys must be smelling yourselves."

I, however, choked on my beer.

-D.F., Flagstaff, Arizona



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LETTERS

SWINGING & SWAPPING

AT THE PEAK

What my wife, Deb, and I had been looking for since moving out to the coast was another swinging couple. So far, no luck—until we met Jenny and Carlo. Or so we had thought when we agreed to go on a weekend camping excursion with them.

But the trip had turned out to be a disappointment. They were very nice folks, who we'd met at our local street fair, and we had a lot in common. Spouse-swapping, however, wasn't among our mutual interests, it seemed.

We'd hiked and fished and sat around the campfire talking, but our new friends caught no hints from Deb and me, picked up on no subtleties. You couldn't just come out and ask new acquaintances if they liked to swing. It wasn't like discussing sports. But Deb and I usually had great instincts for this, and we'd obviously bungled it with these two.

So, when Carlo proposed a contest on our last afternoon, I agreed immediately.

The rules of the game meant we all had to split up, and right now I could use some solitude. Even Deb, the love of my life, couldn't comfort me.

"Whoever gets to the top first wins," Carlo said, pointing up the steep forested hill. The state park was huge, and we'd seen virtually no one else since backpacking in.

"Fine," I said, a little too quickly. Jenny lifted an eyebrow, and I tried not to gaze back too sharply. Carlo's wife was a real beauty, athletic with high, firm tits and long legs. A couple days ago I'd been hoping to get into her pants. Now hope was gone. I knew Deb was equally disappointed with regard to the rugged, well-built Carlo.

We went our separate ways, agreeing not to start our ascents for ten minutes. I wandered aimlessly, feeling pouty. Most people didn't understand swinging. It wasn't a form of cheating. I didn't feel jealous of Deb when she went to bed with another man, and she didn't lose her shit when I fucked another woman. That level of trust actually made us feel closer. It was better when we had our fun with another married couple. It kept everything

in balance for all parties involved.

I wasn't much of an outdoorsman. I slogged through underbrush as I started up the slope. To keep myself entertained, I brought to mind fantasy images of Jenny. I pictured her naked, beckoning, her eyes fastened to my cock as I shed my clothes. I was fiercely hard for her, eager to jam myself into her mouth, her pussy.

The strange thing was, despite how clueless and unresponsive our new friends had been all weekend, I still sensed that Jenny wanted me. Maybe I was kidding myself, but the looks she gave me sometimes weren't totally blank. I'd felt now and then like she knew exactly what was on my mind. And she wanted the same thing—to fuck like mad with someone other than her spouse.

The sun beat through the trees, and I struggled to climb. I saw that a lot of time had passed. By now Carlo at least had to be at the peak. He was like a mountain goat.

I almost gave up. I almost turned back. I'm glad as fuck that I didn't.

Ahead, I suddenly saw an easy pathway to the top. I scaled a few rocks, then it was just a few more steps up to the top of this damned hill.

Panting and sweating, I looked around dazedly. The air was somehow cooler, and I saw why. There was a small lake! It was a wide and deep-looking pool of water, with the sun reflecting brightly off its smooth surface.

And, unbelievably, I was alone on the peak. I had won the contest.

Not that I gave much of a damn about that. Right now, in fact, all I wanted was to dive into that water with the cool breeze coming off it. Hastily, I threw off my clothes. I was still halfway hard from daydreaming about Jenny's supple body.

Jenny must have had good lung capacity. She'd been down awhile. There weren't even ripples left on the water. So when she suddenly broke the surface with a big splash, sucking in air, I almost



staggered back off the cliff.

But I caught myself. I stared, eyes wide with wonder. Jenny stood up, dark hair in wet hanks on her shoulders, beads of water glistening on her bare breasts. Her strong legs were like two gleaming pillars. Her dark pubic fuzz was bedewed.

She gazed at me, and a grin split her lovely features. It was the culmination of all the tiny smirks and smiles I'd thought she had been giving me over the course of this weekend. Her eyes blazed with desire as they roamed my naked body. And, indeed, she did stare at my junk, which twitched in response.

"Well," she said, "I guess you might be fun, after all."

They'd been studying us, I realized, being even more cautious than Deb and I.

I grinned and threw myself into the water. It was bracingly cool, but my swelling cock didn't flag as I waded toward her. The bed of the pond was rocky.

She let me come up to her, let me put my arms around her taut shape. Beautiful mischief danced in her eyes. She leaned in to kiss me before I could do it. Her lips melted against mine, and our tongues tangled. Her fiercely erect nipples brushed my chest. I pressed my cock against her flat belly.

But I had to make sure of something first. I broke our kiss. "I don't want to do this if it's not all right with Carlo."

She chuckled. "My husband is no doubt romping with your wife in the pool halfway down the hill that this tarn feeds into."

I grinned. It was perfect, then. Jenny took my hand and tugged me out to where the water was deepest. We swam back and forth for a bit, groping each other playfully as we passed. I touched her breast, she squeezed my ass. I appreciated the limberness of her body as it glided through the water.

Finally, we emerged on the other side,



"I JAMMED MY TONGUE INSIDE, AND SHE PUSHED HER PUSSY HARD AGAINST MY FACE."

where she'd left her clothes on a patch of grass. Jenny lay down on the ground, and again tugged me along, positioning me beside her. She rolled into my arms, and this time we kissed deeply, ferociously. Her tongue darted wildly in my mouth. Sunlight fell across our bodies as we writhed together, and the chill from the water left my bones. A new heat rose inside me. My cock throbbed.

She squeezed my shaft and balls as I shifted down to suck on her gorgeous tits, nibbling first one thick nipple, then the other. She groaned at the sensation, no inhibitions now, no more caution.

With my excitement mounting, I kissed my way further down her abdomen. She got the idea and lay back, spreading her legs and giving me space to settle between them. I licked the soft flesh of her inner thighs until she squealed. Then I ran my tongue up and down the outer folds of her pussy. She was damp from the swim, but I tasted her personal moisture as she grew more aroused and her juices started to seriously flow.

I jammed my tongue inside, and she pushed her pussy hard against my face. I lapped at her, savoring her wetness. Her silky interior beckoned. I homed in on her swollen clit with my tongue tip, raking the sensitive bud as her sweet ass wriggled on the grass.

With a sudden, animalistic grunt, she came. I felt the force of her climax whip down her body, and I tasted the strong gush of her juice, drinking every drop I could get.

She was eager to reciprocate my oral ministrations, I was happy to find. It's always great when you meet swingers who know courtesy. This game wasn't just about fucking anybody. Deb and I liked to play around with quality people who appreciated the joys of sexuality.

Right now, Jenny appeared content to appreciate the joys of sucking my cock. She'd wrangled me onto my back, knelt between my legs, and was proceeding to deep-throat me with talent and abandon. I watched goggle-eyed as her mouth plunged again and again down my staff, sucking me all the way every time, like she didn't even know what a gag reflex was. Her cheeks were sunk in around my shaft, and her tongue was doing crazy things to me as her head bobbed up and down. She held my balls while she did it, and that felt good.

But she pulled her mouth off me just in time. I wanted to shoot my load in her pussy, and I sensed she wanted that, as well. When she flung herself over onto her hands and knees, I grinned savagely as I realized my hunch was correct. I hurried in behind her, mesmerized by her sculpted ass, by the taut lines of her body.

LETTERS

SWINGING & SWAPPING



I set my pulsing cockhead to her dripping entrance. I looked down, observing the carnal miracle of a cock joining itself to a woman's pussy. Some married people were content to dedicate themselves forever to a single partner. Some of those mistook that sort of fidelity for the only true expression of love. That was bullshit. I loved my wife completely and absolutely. I was ecstatic at the thought of her and Carlo doing what Jenny and I were doing. I wished her a great fuck, and I knew she felt the same about me. We could share our bliss later at how this strange weekend had ultimately worked out.

I sank myself deep into Jenny's silken passage. Her pussy gripped me. I laid my hands on her exquisite ass and started stroking hard into her. I loved how her body rocked on her hands and knees each time I bottomed out in her cunt. She let out happy grunts and growls. She bucked back toward me with every inward thrust, our movements timed perfectly.

I was in a frenzy, my body working like a machine. I somehow held out until she started her second momentous climax. She cried out like an eagle, screaming

**"SHE KNELT
BETWEEN MY
LEGS, PROCEEDING
TO DEEP-THROAT
ME WITH TALENT
AND ABANDON."**

her pleasure. My cream was wrenched from me in joyous spurts. I slammed a few more times into her, releasing my final spews, then collapsed onto the grass. She lay with me.

I thought of the lake up here at the peak draining by some stony conduit down to the one further below, where Jenny had said Deb and Carlo were surely enjoying their own sexual frolic. I liked the connectivity of that, like some part of our joy was running down to join to theirs. It felt like we were all in this together, just as it should be.

—M.B., via email

MAGICAL EVENING

When Marion stopped by to borrow yet another cup of sugar, I had to find out what she was making. "You've already been over twice," I remarked. "How sweet are you going for?"

She flushed a pretty peony hue, flicked back her shoulder-length blonde curls, and said, "The punch isn't working right. I want it to be sweet without overpowering. I keep having to start over."

"What are you making punch for?" I asked my neighbor.

Her flush deepened. She seemed as if she wanted to tell me something, but she wasn't sure exactly how. "Well, the thing is," she started, still blushing, "we were going to invite you two to come over tonight. We had something to ask you. And I wanted everything to be perfect."

My curiosity piqued, I proposed, "Why don't you tell me ahead of time, so then you won't be so nervous." I thought I had a clue of what she was going to say. I'd seen the way she looked at Danny when the four of us got together for drinks or to play cards. I was hoping, if we're going to be putting those cards on the table, that they had in mind what we had in mind.

"I might as well," she said. She hoisted herself up to sit on the edge of my counter and came clean. "Joe and I are interested, that is, we were wondering, oh, fuck, hoping..."

"To swap?" I asked.

Her eyes grew immediately wide, and she nodded helplessly.

"Yes," I told her. "Yes, we are. You don't have to cook. You don't have to ply us with punch. We are very interested."

When Danny got home that evening, I told him the plan. He couldn't shower fast enough. We were at Joe and Marion's 30 minutes ahead of schedule. Danny's black hair was still wet. I was humming with desire, all my nerve endings alive



and flickering with erotic anticipation.

Joe opened the door. He clapped Dan on the back in a manly fashion, and then he leaned in to kiss me. We'd always been cheek-kissers, a peck on the left, a peck on the right. Now, under their yellow porchlight, he kissed me for real, a kiss I felt from my toes up. That's what started the night—with crackles of electricity raging through me. Marion pulled us inside with her beckoning call.

"Neighbors!" she chimed. "What will they think?"

"They'll be jealous," I said gleefully as I entered the house, instantly welcomed by the warmth of the interior after the crisp outdoor air. I'd been over so many times, a guest in their well-kept split-level,

but never like this. Never for what we were about to do. Suddenly, everything seemed new to me. Had the wood floor always been so shiny? Was that cupid-adorned mirror in a different place than usual? My body felt transformed, too. I'd never been jittery coming to Marion and Joe's for dinner. But now, I was almost swooning with nervous energy.

I wondered if we'd fuck in their bedroom, or maybe in the living room. It was too chilly outside for a tryst in the backyard. That's when I spotted the fire in the stone hearth, and I thought that Marion had chosen the room for us.

We all headed into the living room together and sat down on the facing sofas. I'd been with Marion when she'd

selected them at the furniture warehouse. She'd wanted something cozy yet large. Had she been planning our rendezvous even then? Instead of Danny at my side and Joe at hers, we'd swapped spouses. Were there going to be ground rules? Were we going to have a talk?

I hesitated to see, and in that sliver of time, Danny began to kiss Marion. He fondled her through her peach cardigan, his big hand caressing her small tits. Surprisingly, I was the one to moan. I'd always longed to see Danny in action, kissing another woman, stroking her, making her come. Now, was my night. Except Joe had other ideas. He was already undoing the tie at the back of my dress, pulling the bow loose, letting

LETTERS

▷ SWINGING & SWAPPING

the fabric fall forward. I'd worn a skimpy dress for February, but since we lived right across the street, I'd chosen sexy over sensible.

The dress fell forward, revealing the fact that I was braless. Joe spun me so that we were face to face, and he lowered me down on the sofa and began to lick my nipples, moving back and forth from one to the other. My hips started rotating on their own, my pussy responding automatically to the heavenly way his mouth felt on my breasts. That's when I heard an unexpected sound. I turned to my left, and I saw that Marion and Danny had jumped ahead of us. She was entirely naked, and he was stripped to the waist. Her legs were over his shoulders, and my handsome husband of seven years had his face against our neighbor's smooth snatch.

That shocked me. Not the fact that he was using his tongue on her, but that she was entirely bare down there. I hadn't guessed Marion would go for a Brazilian. I'd thought my naughty neighbor would have at least a landing strip of blonde

fuzz. Danny overlapped his middle finger with his pointer, and he began to work this corkscrew in and out of Marion's slippery hole.

"Oh, yes, Danny!" she cried out. "Don't stop! You're going to make me come!"

I was the one to gasp then, because I couldn't remember ever seeing anything quite so sensual before. Marion's long blonde curls were fanned around her heart-shaped face. She had one hand to her lips, as if to try to stifle the sounds

she was making. Danny kept eating her until she creamed on his tongue, and I watched the whole time, momentarily losing track of what Joe was doing. Well, what Joe was doing was undressing me the rest of the way. Before long, I was as naked as Marion, and my new lover had me turn so that I was on my hands and knees on their big sofa. I made eye contact with my best friend.

"Marion," I murmured. I wanted her to see. I wanted her to watch as her husband impaled me.

She turned her face my way, and her blue eyes locked on me as she stared at what Joe and I were doing. Really, what Joe was doing, I felt rather than saw him use his palms to spread me open. Then he gave me the first teasing stroke of his dick. Only the head. I hadn't actually gotten to see what I was about to receive. But, damn, as soon as I felt that thick knob inside me, I realized I was in for a wild ride.

Marion and I had discussed many different things over the years. Cock size had not been one of them. My girlfriend definitely had struck gold in the dick department. Her husband was hung, and that night I was the lucky lady to experience his rigid unit.

Danny called out my name, and I looked to him, noting that he'd shucked his slacks and was now positioning Marion on his lap. Quickly, he began to bounce her up and down. My body felt overwhelmed by sensations. I had the prettiest picture in front of me, Danny and Marion getting busy, riding each other to their respective limits. Meanwhile, Joe was working his thick dick inside me, inch by solid inch. I held still at first, lost in the bliss of being filled. Only when he bottomed out, pressing his full length inside me, did I begin to move. My hips shifted, and I reached down and started making small spirals around my clit with my fingers. I couldn't help myself.

That's when the men seemed to come to a silent decision. Joe shifted us so that

**"JOE STARTED TO
STROKE MY CLIT,
AND THAT
BROUGHT ME TO
MY FIRST CLIMAX
OF THE EVENING."**



he was seated, as well, and I was in the same position as Marion. The four of us were facing each other and fucking each other, almost as if we were looking into a mirror. Eye fucking. Physically fucking. Connected in the most carnal of ways.

I wondered which one of us would come next. This wasn't a contest. I knew that. But still, I was curious. Joe started to stroke my fat clit while he fucked me, and that added facet of pleasure brought me to my first climax of the evening. I shut my eyes and shouted out, my voice echoing in the room. Marion seemed inspired by my actions. She said, "Oh, Danny..." and then, "Oh, Joe..." as she creamed, seeming to want to give both men the credit for her orgasm, my husband for his body and her husband for allowing the four of us to connect this way.

Danny met my eyes and told me that he was going to fill my best friend with his seed. I said, "Then I'm going to lick her clean," and that was apparently all Joe needed to hear. He and Danny went off almost simultaneously, and we girls were pounded at an equal pace as the men rocketed to their respective orgasms. And I followed through by lapping up Danny's load from my friend's streaming snatch.

After that, we were all sticky and spent, naked in a room I'd never been naked in before. What does one do after fucking her best friend's husband? There ought to be advice columns for X-rated escapades like this: polite conversation people can have after a swing or a swap.

Fortunately, Marion is the quintessential hostess. She sensually moved her body off my husband's cock and slid on Danny's shirt, buttoning the crisp white oxford around her. The fabric billowed becomingly around her slender form. She looked effortlessly chic, her curls free flowing, her face lit with an inner glow.

"I won't offer you punch," she said, smirking at me. "But I do have refreshments in the kitchen..." Her



voice trailed off as she walked away. I could see her bare thighs disappearing beneath the hem of Danny's shirt.

There was something so fucking sexy in knowing not only that she was naked underneath my husband's oxford, but also that she likely had remnants of his semen still inside her, perhaps by now even dripping down her thighs. "Before we prepare for round two," she added.

"Round two," I echoed breathlessly, wondering exactly what that might mean.

Joe kissed me. Then Danny moved to my side, and he kissed me. And I realized I didn't care what might come next—as long as the four of us were together, swinging and swapping, the night was destined to be magical.

—R.M., Toledo, Ohio

■ PLANNING AN ORGY

My wife, Rachel, and I have an unusual marriage. To start off with, she's half my age. I'm in my 40s and she's just out of college. Both our families raised eyebrows, but we're very happy. Secondly, before we got married we each had many partners. Of course, given my age, I've had more, but when we first became intimate we compared sexual histories. To some people, having a great number of sexual

partners is a deal-breaker, but for us it was a turn-on.

Furthermore, Rachel and I have both been in orgies. That seems like a quaint term, something you associate with the 70s and places like Plato's Retreat, but they do happen. I ran with a bunch of guys who were so debauched that we kind of shared girlfriends. We'd all go out together, and then come home and throw pillows on the living room floor and get wild. There was no jealousy, and while the girls occasionally changed, the four of us guys—me, Evan, Tony, and Mark—all remained friends. Eventually, we went our separate ways but kept in touch. I am the only one who is married.

As for Rachel, some of her college stories have made our wallpaper bubble. She also ran with a foursome, and they traded guys like baseball cards. They also would get it on with each other from time to time. So you can see why I married her.

We were talking about hot old times with our friends when we had a brainstorm. I believe it was Rachel's idea, but I take credit for it. We've got a nice big house in California where you can wear flip-flops in February. Our friends were scattered all over the country, but why not invite them down for a weekend together, all eight of us? If our friends were still the same free spirits, an orgy would likely break out.

LETTERS

▷ SWINGING & SWAPPING

Rachel and I have been monogamous since we wed. I'm not interested in sneaking around; she gives me everything I need, especially in the sack. But we were both intrigued by the idea of swinging as a married couple. If I knew my guys, they would take one look at the young pussy Rachel would invite and a group grope was sure to happen.

Some texts, emails, and calls bounced around the country and a date was set. It happened to be Valentine's Day weekend, and it would be our first as newlyweds. "What a romantic way to spend our first Valentine's Day together!" she told me after all the details had been set. We talked about what might happen and had a frenzied fuck right on the living room floor. I came like a fire hose, and she screamed so loud I was grateful we had a large property, because otherwise neighbors would have heard.

The players were: Evan, my oldest

friend, who is in his late 40s, but still has hair halfway down his back. He works as a motorcycle mechanic and was the most likely to get the ball rolling as he is a notorious ladies' man. Mark, a tattoo artist who, as one might guess, is covered with ink, including designs of several naked ladies. And Tony, who looks the most normal of the group; he's a stock analyst. The one thing about him that few people know is that he has a huge cock.

Rachel had invited Faith, a Latina with huge dark eyes, dark hair, and bee-stung lips; Candy, who is perfectly named, Rachel says, because her pussy juice is the sweetest she's ever tasted; and Brit, a blonde WASP who looks prim and proper but is, Rachel assured me, sexually insatiable. Brit's claim to fame is that she took on three guys at once—mouth, pussy, and asshole.

The girls arrived first. I had never met

them (our wedding was officiated by an Elvis impersonator in Las Vegas, with no guests) so when the three ladies walked through the door I found each one sexier than the last. I was particularly taken with Faith's beauty. I was really hoping our plan would work out, because I knew she would look good sucking my cock while Rachel ate her pussy.

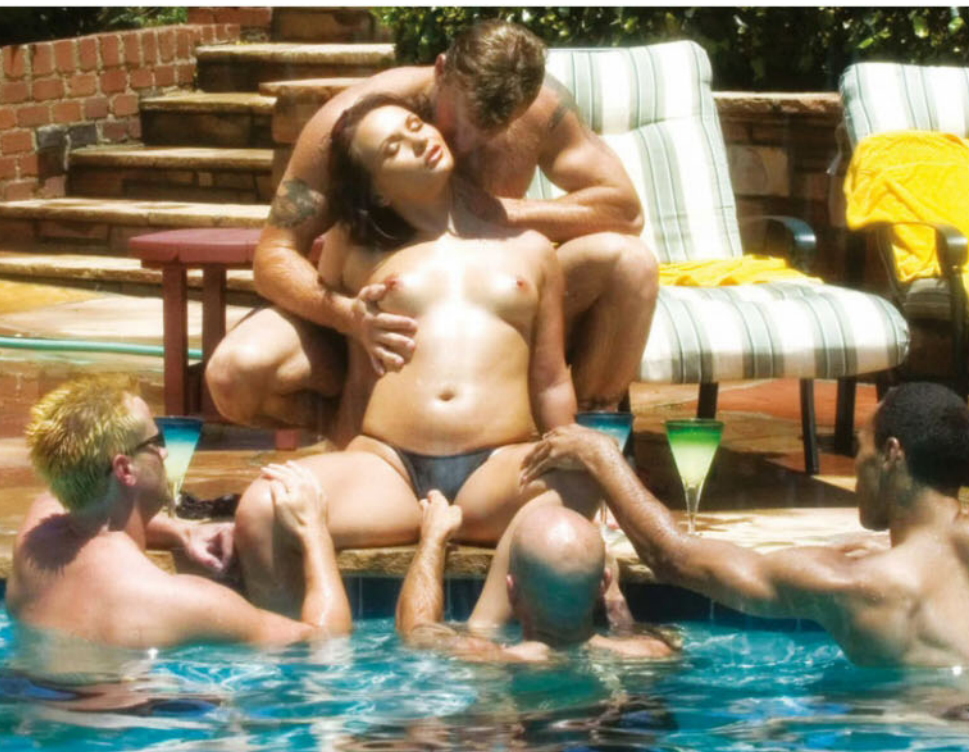
The girls slipped into their bikinis and lounged around our pool. We have one of those custom pools that look like a lagoon, with a waterfall and fake rocks. It cost an arm and a leg, but it looks nice and the layout provides lots of privacy.

The guys arrived later than afternoon. Evan was wearing a snorkel mask. I told him I hoped he hadn't worn that on the plane. The boys changed into their swim trunks, and everyone started mingling by the pool. I took my manly spot behind the grill, where I was making magic with meat and barbecue sauce.

As I'd figured he would, Evan made the first move. He stripped and jumped in the water, his cock and balls flapping. Everyone hooted, and one by one, the rest of the guests followed suit. I really liked the way Faith looked naked, her tits teacup-shaped with dark nipples, and her bush shaved into the shape of a heart.

Finally, Rachel and I were coaxed into the water sans swimwear. We played a game of chicken fight, where each girl got on the shoulders of a guy and we had a blast. Believe me, that game is a lot more fun when everyone is naked. It was interesting to see how each guy then took the girl from off his shoulders onto our flagstone deck, where there were many towels and chaise longues arranged, and that was who he fucked.

Evan was with Candy, who was on a chaise longue on all fours, with Evan pounding away at her from behind. Tony and Brit were on the towels, with Brit on her back, her toes pointed to the sky while her partner ate her out. At first Brit sucked Mark's dick while she was being tongued by Tony, but then my wife



muscled in and started deep-throating Tony. I don't know whose smile was wider—me or my friend's. Then as Tony and Brit paired off, my wife got busy with Mark; I finally got to see my beautiful Rachel fuck another man, and it was fantastic.

That left me with Faith, who was sitting on the edge of the pool, kicking her feet back and forth and batting her eyes. Those dark eyes seemed to be asking, "How do you want me?" I stood above her, my dick rock-hard, and she reached up to caress it and my balls. She hopped out of the water, and we kissed wildly. There was an empty chaise longue, so we snagged it. I lay back as she straddled me, sinking down on my cock with an audible plop.

For a good while we all stayed with our initial partners. I couldn't see everything of course, but what I heard could have made the dead hard. There were all sorts of moans, both masculine and feminine, and lovely little phrases like, "Fill me with that cock!" or "Suck my dick!" or "Eat that pussy!" Faith and I switched positions, and I looked for Rachel, who was on her knees with Mark's dick plowing into her. He looked up at me as if to ask for permission, and I shrugged my shoulders as if to say, "Whatever feels good, man."

Eventually, pairs broke into threesomes and foursomes. While Rachel was still getting it from behind from Mark, Evan's cock wandered close to her mouth and she inhaled it. He lay back and let Brit squat on his face, and to judge from the way her eyes were closed and mouth set in concentration, he was doing a fine job. Candy was now free to join Faith and I. The ladies double-teamed my cock with their talented lips and tongues. Write this down guys—you must, at least once in your life, have two sweet mouths on your dick at the same time. Candy would suck a ball into her mouth while Faith bobbed her head up and down on my shaft, and then they'd switch. Tony, meanwhile, snuggled up behind Candy and slipped



“THE LADIES DOUBLE-TEAMED MY COCK WITH THEIR TALENTED LIPS AND TONGUES.”

his dick inside her from behind as she worked me. She gave out a happy yelp while my member was in her mouth but kept going like a trouper.

The girls had all come, however the guys hadn't yet—but we were close. Rachel, ever the organizer, steered us into what she later called a “sex conga line.” She was at the head, or rather, she was at Tony's head, which she was sucking while on her knees. It then got interesting with our first glimpse of bisexual action, as Faith scooped underneath Rachel and began lapping at her pussy. Evan munched on Faith's cunt, and Brit was behind Evan, sucking his voluminous balls, which were like low-hanging fruit. I was behind Brit, finger-fucking her with one, two, and then three fingers, while Candy was doing a reach-around on me, stroking my cock. And

finally, Mark was the caboose, fucking Candy from behind.

At least that's how I remember the scene. If only we had a video! But later that night in bed, Rachel and I tried to reconstruct everything, and we both remembered it that way. What was unforgettable was when the conga line broke up, because the guys were ready to pop. The girls got on their knees on the towels shoulder to shoulder and said they wanted us to come on their faces. Sounded good to us, so each taking our turns, we moved in to jack off while their smiling faces waited for our hot jism. I seem to remember that I went last, letting loose a huge load with which I managed to paint all four girls.

After that, we collapsed in the pool, spent, and had a fun time. It was then that I realized the meat was still on the grill. I jumped out and saw that the burgers were as hard as hockey pucks. So we ordered Chinese food.

—A.D., Hempstead, New York

Ever traded partners for sexual variety? Spiced up your bedroom with a smorgasbord of sweaty bodies? If you're a sexual adventurer who has switched on to the swinging scene, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME

■ LOVE & LUBE

When I arrived to pick Joanie up for our Valentine's Day date, I couldn't have been more surprised. I thought my beautiful honey would be all dolled up. She likes to put on a fancy dress and naughty spiked heels when we go out for special events. Instead, I knocked twice, got no answer, and then used my key to let myself in. Was it possible she hadn't arrived home yet? We'd set the time weeks before.

"Baby?" I called out. "You here? Are you ready?"

"Almost," she responded, her voice lilting to me from down the hall. "Come help me put on the finishing touches, will you, Dave?"

I headed toward the bedroom, thinking maybe she needed my assistance with a difficult zipper. Possibly, she wanted me to attach her necklace for her or offer my opinion on which jacket went best with her ensemble. I was holding a bouquet of dark red flowers in my hand, and I almost dropped them when I walked into the room. Sheer shock froze me in place. She'd done the place up for this February 14th, with leopard-print sheets and pink lightbulbs in the sockets. But I didn't care about the accoutrements. Joanie was almost ready, I guess, if "almost ready" meant totally naked and sprawled on her big bed. What knocked me sideways was the fact that her ass was facing the doorway and on her nightstand was a bottle of lube.

"You're not ready at all," I said softly, stating the obvious.

"I am," she countered gleefully as she turned to speak to me with her green eyes wickedly bright. "Not ready to go out, maybe. But I'm definitely ready for you."

While I watched in stunned silence, she reached around and parted her



luscious ass cheeks. Her anus seemed to wink at me, as if letting me know that it was ready, as well. There was no question in my mind: anal was on the agenda tonight. I set the flowers down on the chair by the doorway and approached the bed.

"Dinner's off?" I asked.

"Dinner's after," she said matter-of-factly, letting her hands fall to her sides. I was close enough now to stroke her comely ass cheeks, letting my palms caress her smooth skin. When I breathed in, I won a whiff of the sensual scent of her arousal. No jasmine or honeysuckle perfume is sweeter than that personal fragrance. Joanie had definitely gotten turned on thinking about what we might do tonight. As if reading my mind, she calmly explained. "I've been wanting to do this with you for so long. I figured, what was more romantic than anal with the man I love?"

Her words had a dual affect on me. My dick got as hard as a rock, but my heart seemed to melt. She'd never before said she loved me. Nor had she told me that anal was something she enjoyed. Maybe for Joanie those two things were intricately linked, like lace around a paper heart. We were about to be intricately linked, that's for sure. Without another

thought of our restaurant reservations, I started to undress. While I tore out of my clothes, Joanie began to prep herself. She reached for the bottle of lube and filled her palm with the glistening liquid. Then, while I watched—nearly tripping as I untied my loafers—she slickened up her back passage. She seemed to take extreme pleasure in this self-prepping. She mewed softly as she tickled and stretched her own tiny hole.

Why had we never fucked like this before? I had no idea. I'd been satisfied with our sexual menu. We excelled at oral, often enjoying a 69. We'd used sex toys on one another. I'd even blindfolded her during one of our more adventurous encounters. We'd tried me on top, her on top, reverse cowgirl, reverse cowboy. But to date, we'd never even discussed backdoor sex.

It looked as if things were about to change.

When I was naked, I took the lube and wet my own fingers. Joanie gaped at me over her shoulder as I worked my fist up and down my rigid dick.

"You're so big," she sighed. "I've always appreciated your size, but it's why I was a little hesitant to try sex like this." So anal had been in her thoughts, even if she hadn't discussed the topic with me.

**“JOANIE GYRATED
HERSELF ON MY
COCK, HER WHOLE
BODY FILLED
WITH DELICIOUS
TREMORS.”**

“What changed your mind?” I asked, curious.

“I know you now,” she said. “I’m sure that you’ll go slow. You’ll take things easy.”

“As slow as you need,” I promised. Nothing felt slow, though. My heart was pounding wildly. My cock seemed to be throbbing to an inner rhythm. But I thought I understood what Joanie meant. I would let her lead, and if she could set the pace, then she might be more relaxed when I entered her booty.

She told me she wanted to begin missionary style. Just a few strokes in her pussy to get things started. I was fine with that. My cock was a divining rod at this point, quivering with desire and ready for anything. She got on her back, and I positioned myself above her. I let my dickhead flick against her clit a few times, and she nearly swooned beneath me. “Now,” she insisted. “I want to feel you inside me. I’m so wet, baby. So wet.”

She’d told me what to expect. Still, I couldn’t believe how drenched she was when her inner muscles contracted around my dick. This was the most turned on she’d ever been with me. I stared into her deep emerald eyes as I rocked my cock inside her welcoming body. She’d said she loved me. Those words lit me up inside. I’d been hoping—I’d been waiting. I started to whisper, “Joanie, I love you, too,” but she was in motion.



LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME

"Now," she said, "I'm going to get on my hands and knees, and you pump me doggy-style, okay?"

"Okay," I agreed. My cock didn't care how we were fucking. It was just happy to be part of the plan. I entered her with one swift thrust, and I held her waist with my hands to steady the two of us. Joanie gyrated herself on my cock, her hips swinging, her whole body filled with delicious tremors.

We fucked well together, two complementary halves to make a whole. I almost forgot what was up next, my balls starting to constrict, when Joanie said, "I'm ready."

Ready. Oh, my. She was ready for me to spear her sweet cheeks. I pulled out and relubed my dick. Joanie held herself wide open for me. I pressed the head of my swollen cock to her most private spot. Then I held still. She wanted me to take my time. I would take my time. To my utter surprise, Joanie pushed back. I popped inside her, and we both gasped. The pleasure was instantaneous. She was so hot and tight inside. I couldn't remember ever feeling anything quite so sublime. Then things got even better. Joanie began to move as she had before, but instead of me being inside her pussy, my dick was now nestled in her asshole.

"Oh, you feel so good," she purred. "You're so big, baby. And you fill me up so nice."

I didn't have anything to say. My voice was gone. The only sound I seemed capable of making was a low, desperate growl. I don't think I'd ever made a noise like that before.

Joanie, however, seemed to have found her voice. "I was home this afternoon," she said, "and I knew you were planning something special. So I wanted to give you something special in return."

I was holding still while she moved up and down my unit. Watching my rod disappear and reappear from between her pillowy cheeks was one of the sexiest sights I've ever had the pleasure to

witness. It was a sublime experience.

"So I started to think," she said. "I imagined meeting you naked at the doorway. Giving you a blowjob in the kitchen. One idea after another."

I noticed she had let one hand wander between her thighs. She was tugging her clit while I fucked her ass.

"Then I started to masturbate," she said, and her voice had a raw edge to it that made the confession even sexier.

"While I jerked off, I thought of you fucking me all over the house—in the living room, in the kitchen, everywhere. Although the rooms changed, you were fucking me the same way every time. You were fucking my ass."

She giggled.

"Ass," she said again. "It sounds so dirty when I say it, doesn't it? Fuck my ass, Dave. Fuck my ass as hard as you can."

That was what I'd been waiting for. Permission. I hadn't even realized it. But now, instead of Joanie fucking me, I started to fuck her. A sense of wellbeing flooded over me. *This is how we should always fuck*, I thought. There

was a connection between us that was unbreakable. In seconds, I was buried to the hilt in her ass. She responded by tightening up around me, as if desperate to keep me inside her. I pulled back within her velvety channel and then plunged in again and again. Joanie urged me on with stuttered phrases of desire. "Oh, fuck, yes. Don't stop. Don't stop." I paused only to squirt a bit more lube to slicken our ride, then resumed my pace, pounding her derriere. In no time at all, she cried out that she was coming.

"Come with me," she begged. "Fill me up!"

I didn't need any more encouragement. I slammed into her and sealed my body to hers. We bucked toward nirvana, our bodies reaching that pinnacle of pleasure together, that highest peak of pure bliss.

Waiting was worth it, I thought in a hazy glow. Because I'd never experienced anything quite like this before. I felt myself collapsing onto the mattress with Joanie wedged tightly against me. We didn't speak right away, each of us needing time to regain ourselves, to rediscover where we'd left



off, where we were connected. My dick softened, and I slipped out of her and rolled over onto my side. My breathing slowed. Hers did the same. The power of what we had done bound us together.

"Happy Valentine's Day, baby," I said, as she curled into my arms to face me, a warm, lovely being who made me feel complete.

"Valentine's Day isn't over yet," she said, her eyes still lit up with that orgasmic glow. We kissed passionately, and I tried to figure out what she meant. Then she turned away from me and pressed her ass to my groin once more, making me think what I've always known: the best gifts come with love...and lube.

—D.M., Laredo, Texas

■ A TRUST ISSUE

Make no mistake: I love a cock in my ass. But somebody too eager or too careless can ruin the experience, so I've learned to choose my ass-fuckers with caution.

So when Jeremy, who I'd been seeing for a few weeks, hemmed and hawed and finally cautiously queried if he could give it to me up the butt, I had my test all ready for him.

He'd finished pounding my pussy and we were lying in bed, enjoying the afterglow. He blushed after asking his question, and I grinned.

I got up, and his eyes tracked me nervously. He probably thought he'd offended me. I went to a dresser drawer, took something out, and—holding the item behind my back—returned to the bed.

"You want to fuck me in the ass?" I said sweetly. "Okay. But first you've got to take this up your own chute."

I brought the dildo into view, watching his face closely. About half the men to whom I'd suggested this had fled in panic immediately. The others agonized



"THE TOUCH OF HIS FINGERS ON MY QUIVERING RING MADE ME CRY OUT WITH ANTICIPATION."

visibly, weighing the ordeal against the reward.

Jeremy's eyes fixed on the object. It wasn't oversized. That was the point. The guy would only have to withstand what he expected me to take inside my sensitive anal canal. A thoughtful look touched Jeremy's handsome features. He sat up on the bed.

"Yes," he said solemnly. "I'll do it."

I gave a squeal of delight. After all, I liked him and really did want some anal fun with him. "You're a good sport! But you don't have to go through with it. I was just testing you." I turned to put the dildo back in the drawer.

"No," he said suddenly.

His tone froze me. "What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

He stood up in all his naked glory. "I've never thought seriously before about having anything up my ass. But now you've made me consider it. If it's a test, then I want to see it through. All the way."

He sounded defiant now. It was my turn to hem and haw. But when he turned away and put his hands against the

bedroom wall before spreading his legs and thrusting his scrumptious ass out toward me, I didn't see what choice I had.

I fumbled for a bottle of lube. A strange excitement flowed in me. I stepped up behind him and squirted gel onto my fingertips. "Are you...sure?"

"Fuck my ass, Janine. Then I'll fuck yours. Fair's fair."

The very notion raised gooseflesh on my bare body. I reached into the valley of his ass and parted his taut cheeks. His asshole lay exposed, a crinkly ring. My gelled fingers hovered over it as I hesitated, then I touched the tips to him.

His whole body jerked with shock, and I snatched away my hand. All the times I'd administered my test, I'd never imagined this actually happening. But now that it was so unexpectedly coming to pass, I wanted to see the act through, as well. I wanted to fuck Jeremy's ass, then have him fuck mine.

I returned my fingertips to his hole, smearing on the lube. I coated his sphincter, aware of his body shivering, of the sharp intakes of his breath. Feeling bolder, I pressed a fingertip just inside his ring.

"Whoa!" he said. His forehead was pressed against the wall.

"You want me to stop?" I asked, hoping like hell he wouldn't put an end to this.

"No. It feels...weird."

"But good?" I knew how much I liked lubing up my own butthole, the special quivers of pleasure it gave me. Jeremy would be equipped with those same nerve clusters. There was no reason why he couldn't enjoy having his asshole fingered the same way I do.

LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME

"Yeah," he panted. "It's good!"

I grinned and sank my fingertip further in, daubing the interior of his hole now. His sphincter cinched tightly around my intruding digit. I wriggled it about inside him, and I was delighted to hear him moan with a raw pleasure. I peeked around and saw his face scrunched up with a rising excitement.

I squirted more lube onto the dildo itself. By now my pussy was flowing, my body tingling. My plastic toy was realistically sized and shaped. It had a nice plump cockhead and a slightly upward curving shaft.

"You ready?" I asked, and then, because I couldn't resist the impulse, I leaned forward and breathed against his ear: "You ready for my cock, boy?"

He groaned, and it was a perfectly good answer. I put the glistening head of the dildo to his buttock. Looking at the situation, penetration seemed impossible. The opening was too small, too tight. How did I expect to get this fake cock inside him?

Then I remembered how many times I'd taken cocks myself. Guys had beheld

this same improbable sight, and they no doubt felt this same driving excitement. I wanted to spear this sweet ass! I wanted to violate this vulnerable hole!

But I caught myself before I slammed the dildo into him. Far better than Jeremy did, I understood how cautious and gentle such penetrations had to be in order to be pleasurable. That was the whole reason for my test! So, with my heart pounding and sweating popping out on me, I nonetheless proceeded mindfully, taking care to be gentle.

**"WITH A GROWL I
LUNGED MYSELF
BACK ONTO HIS
SHAFT, TAKING
HIM ALL AT ONCE
TO THE HILT."**

I pressed firmly but slowly. It was beautiful to see Jeremy's hole gradually open up and swallow the encroaching plastic cockhead. He gasped, and I waited, letting him adjust. I knew that the pleasure would awaken slowly as the initial discomfort receded. I gave him all the time he needed before I sank my toy deeper inside.

The act must have been a bizarre sensation for Jeremy, a straight man and a backdoor virgin. Anal sex had never seemed completely alien to me as a woman, since I was already used to being penetrated in more conventional style. But Jeremy had always been the doer not the doee, as it were.

I paused when I had the thing halfway inside him. I leaned toward his ear again, this time saying softly, "It's okay if you want to quit. You've more than proved yourself."

He grunted. "No. I'm not planning to fuck you halfway. Put it all inside me."

The thrill of that command pounded fresh adrenaline through my veins. My whole body hummed. My nipples were achingly stiff with arousal. I pushed the dildo farther into his channel as he remained spread-eagle against the wall. His fingers clawed at my wallpaper.

I took another peek around him and was surprised and pleased to see his cock standing at furious attention. He might not have enjoyed this same exercise with another man, but the basic bodily mechanics were still the same. I was glad he was secure enough with me to explore the experience.

The last two inches slid home into him. He had risen onto his toes, and his forehead rolled back and forth across the wall. His back gleamed with sweat. A silent crescendo seemed to ring in the bedroom. My test had reached its ultimate peak. Here was the brave man who had taken the challenge to its extreme.

I pulled out the dildo, very gently. I put it aside and watched him sag against the



wall. I was immensely proud of him. In a strange way, it was the manliest thing I'd ever seen a guy do.

After a minute, he pushed himself upright and turned. Strength flowed into him as I watched. He loomed over me, his muscles taut and his cock hard. He grinned wickedly at me.

"Now," he said, "your ass is mine!"

He took the tube of lube out of my hand, then grabbed me and guided me to where he'd been standing. I gleefully assumed the position, spreading my legs and thrusting out my ass. Over the past few weeks I'd been looking forward to some eventual ass play with this man, once he finally got up the nerve to ask me. Now I wanted him to plunder my hole, to ream my ass like no one ever had.

The touch of his lubed fingers on my quivering ring made me cry out hoarsely with anticipation. He smeared the cool gel all around, going carefully inside to coat the first few inches of my passage.

Then he stepped in close behind me, and I felt his cockhead against my waiting entrance. He started to gradually sink himself inside. I thought of how he'd looked when I'd put the plastic cockhead against his hole, how the encircling edges had risen up like a little mouth, swallowing the intrusion.

But I couldn't wait for a cautious invasion. I wanted his meat in my ass—now! So with a growl I lunged myself back onto his shaft, taking him all at once, right down to the hilt. His cock filled my back channel, and I let out another wild cry, this one full of passion and pleasure.

The irony didn't escape me. My anal test had been designed to instill respectful caution in my lovers. Instead, I was throwing all the rules out. I turned my head and hissed, "Fuck my ass! Fuck it hard!"

Jeremy was already balls-deep in my asshole. He gripped my hips and started stroking into me. The slightly alien angle felt perfect. Taboo excitements raged

up and down my dark passageway. The pleasure spilled over, flooding my body. My pussy drizzled in happy sympathy. My back undulated as his thrusts came firmly. I heard the smack of his flesh against mine.

His cock plowed me, at my most vulnerable place. Yet here was bliss, the great forbidden carnal activity, the one I've found so many men crave. I sure as hell liked this kind of sex, but experience had taught me that it was a trust issue, which is why I'd invented my test.

Jeremy, who had succeeded at that test better than anyone ever, deserved to pound my ass the way he was doing it now. He hammered my hole, driving to my deepest places with every plunge. I called out more encouraging obscenities. My being was heading quickly toward a massive overload. Rapture rose and rose, then it crashed over me with brutal force.

My climax was powerful and prolonged, wringing pleasure after pleasure from my flesh. I wept with the strength of it. Halfway through, Jeremy's cock erupted deep in my hole. His hot come scalded me deliciously, adding the final overwhelming ecstasy to what had been the best ass-fucking of my life.

And I had my silly little test to thank for it.

—J.H., Columbus, Ohio



ASSMAN

For as long as I can remember, I have been obsessed with the female derriere. Oh, I also love a pretty face, a pair of long legs, and a bounteous bosom, but what gets me as hard as oak is a fine bottom.

I was so keen on chasing after the perfect ass that I combined my pursuit with my love of photography. I'm a fashion photographer, and I mostly work on swimsuit shoots. Yes, guys, you who are working your dreary nine-to-five jobs in cubicles, I'm the fellow you envy. I am always on some beach somewhere, surrounded by genetic freaks, girls who can stop traffic just by swaying their hips.

Now, mostly it's look don't touch. Many of these girls have boyfriends. But occasionally, especially on a remote shoot when the female-to-male ratio is high and there's nothing else to do, I will get to sample the goods. And when I do, and I've got a brilliant female specimen in my bed, I will drift down to her behind and focus my attention there. Happily, anal sex is not the taboo it once was. Most girls I've bedded have either tried it before or are quite willing to give it a go.

My most recent adventure in butt-fucking came last February. I was

LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME

on a beach in Thailand, surrounded by beautiful models. Everything was business as usual, but on the second day of the shoot Valerie arrived. She was stunning, a Dutch girl who was almost six feet tall with mounds of blonde ringlets on her head and very large tits. Her eyes were blue and seemed to shimmer magically. But, most of all, she had what I consider the perfect-shaped ass: the bubble butt. The curve describes a delectable parabola, and it's all any red-blooded man can do to keep from squeezing it.

Despite my perpetual horniness I'm a nice guy, and Valerie and I struck up a good working relationship almost immediately. She was very interested in photography herself, and I shared some of my knowledge. That first day, come nightfall, we enjoyed a few drinks together and told each other some stories before going off to bed, separately.

The next day was Valentine's Day, and it rained heavily from dawn to dusk, making work impossible. Some of the girls Skyped their boyfriends, some of the crew spent their time playing Words with Friends on their phones, and I ended up hanging out with Valerie in my room. It turned out she did not have a boyfriend, and Valentine's Day was making her lonely. I gulped and decided to take a chance.

"I don't have a girlfriend, either," I told her.

She looked at me funny, like she was trying to decide if I was sincere or not. But I wasn't lying—I can't think of a woman who would tolerate a guy who takes pictures of swimsuit models for a living as a boyfriend—and something in her gaze told me she'd made up her mind about me. And it was all good. I leaned in for a kiss, half-expecting to get my face slapped, but instead, the next thing I knew, her tongue was in my mouth.

We canoodled for a while and wriggled out of our clothes. I had already seen her



**"WHEN I WAS
EMBEDDED IN HER
ASS I STOPPED
FOR A MOMENT,
FEELING HER
WALLS GRIP ME."**

in a string bikini, but still, there's nothing like a bare-naked lady. My hands, with minds of their own, gravitated to her ass, and I caressed and squeezed her cheeks.

"Ooh, you like my ass?" she cooed playfully.

"I certainly do," I said, and further emboldened added, "Will you get on all fours for me?"

She cocked an eyebrow at me and smirked a little, but did as I asked. She was on all fours on the bed, her perfectly round butt pointing right at me. I stood behind her, my achingly erect dick waving around like a conductor's baton.

"Do me a favor," I said, my voice raspy. "Put your hands on your butt cheeks and spread them."

Valerie again did as I asked. This, my friends, is the most beautiful sight in all the world: a woman spreading her perfect cheeks and presenting her asshole and pussy to her lover.

I got on my knees and buried my face in her crack. She groaned pleasantly as I inhaled as if she were an oxygen mask. I began working my tongue up and down her crease, sliding it across her labia, and then back up again. Her cunt got wet quickly, and I took that as an invitation to stick a couple of fingers inside her cunt. She continued to moan affirmatively, so I applied one lubricated finger to her tight little asshole, which was slick with my spit and her pussy juice. I fingered her asshole while I licked her cunt.

Valerie moaned her approval, and I could have happily spent the rest of my life in this position, but she had other ideas. "I want to taste your cock," she said.

Fine by me. I took my face away from her nether regions, and she pivoted around. Valerie was very talented in the fellatio department. First, she teased me by tonguing the head, then switched

her attention to my balls, before finally inhaling my shaft nearly to the root. It was a consummate blowjob, and I ran my hands through her curly blonde locks while her head bobbed on my stick.

I didn't want to come yet, so bade her to lay back. I returned to work between her legs, pushing her knees almost to her ears. Her pussy was flowing like a river, so I sank my cock inside her, and she gripped me like quicksand. We started a slow rhythm together, and then started humping vigorously, my balls slapping against her ass and her head banging the headboard.

We both took a break to get some water, our bodies slick with perspiration. As she took a look at my cock, which was pointing at the ceiling, she said, "I think you want to fuck me in the ass. And I think your friend would fit nicely."

That was a nice way of saying my cock wasn't too big. I'm a respectable size; I won't lie. But being of more modest proportions makes it more likely for me to get some ass, because if a guy has a cock as big as a soda can, a girl is not always eager to make her backdoor available.

I put down my water bottle and said, "That's music to my ears."

Getting back in bed and pointing her toes upward, she replied, "I love a nice ass-fucking."

That was all I needed to hear. I grabbed some lube from the nightstand to slicken my dick and then placed my cock against her asshole and gently pressed forward. My cockhead slipped past her sphincter and, to judge by the sounds we made, it was great for both of us. She panted, repeating "Fuck, yeah," as if it was a mantra, and as for me, well, I don't know what I said. I would have given up state secrets in the position I was in. I was looking down at one of the world's most beautiful women, my dick was well up her ass, and she was gazing at me with pure lust.

I grabbed hold of her ankles as I

sped up my delivery. When I was fully embedded in her ass I stopped for a moment, feeling her anal walls grip me. My cock pulsed, but I didn't want to come yet. I pulled out and positioned her so she was lying on her side, with one leg slung over the other. I had one foot on the floor and a knee on the bed as I once again began bugging her. She was able to look into a mirror across the room and enjoy the spectacle.

Finally, we were both ready to come, and we agreed that doggy-style was the best option. She got back on all fours, the position we'd started in. I then put my cock back inside and set about giving her ass a good pounding. Valerie was really digging it. She said, "Oh, I love the way you open me up."

Zero hour was coming up fast. She reached under herself and rubbed her pussy while I headed toward blastoff. She came first, moving her hips so I had to hold on as if I were riding a bucking bronco. All that movement set me off,

and I fired several rounds of jism into her asshole.

I fell back and had a chance to see another favorite thing: my come oozing out of a beautiful ass. Valerie, sensing my enjoyment, stayed motionless on all fours, and I could see her working her muscles to eject my cream. My load ran down her thighs, and the sight was glorious.

It ended up raining all day, and I fucked Valerie's ass twice more. It was the best damn Valentine's Day I've ever had. We still get together every once in a while, and whenever I pick up a magazine and see her, I look at that magnificent derriere, smile, and get hard.

-Name and address withheld

If "getting there" is half the fun, isn't it twice as much fun when you enter the backdoor? If you have an anal adventure to share, write to us! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department BT, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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LETTERS

▷ CARNALCOPIA

BEDTIME STORY

I stood in the bedroom doorway, watching my wife plump her pillows before settling into her soft little cocoon with some papers. She sensed my stare and looked up. "What are you reading?" I asked.

She held the manuscript high for me to inspect. She explained it was a historical romance that a colleague was working on, and it was an erotic one.

I dashed across the room and vaulted into the bed. "Oh, it's a smutty book," I said, wagging my eyebrows.

Maci gasped in mock shock, holding the volume to her heart. "This, good sir, is a romance novel. It is a timeless tale of lust, love, passion and betrayal." She playfully tapped my nose. "Romance is not smut."

"Ho, ho! Well, *pardonnez moi, mon cheri*," I teased, smiling down at my lusty wife.

She continued to defend her case.

"There's a bonus to romance; there's always a happy ending."

"Well, you know how much I love happy endings," I said suggestively. "Can I have a look?" I reached for the manuscript, but Maci hesitated.

"Not if you're going to make fun of it," she said.

I leaned forward, placing a kiss on her forehead. "I would never make fun." She shot me an incredulous look. "I won't! I'm serious, Maci." I leveled her with my most serious expression. "Now, will you please let me see?" I extended my hand, urging her to trust me.

She handed it over, watching me closely as I flipped through the pages. My eyes widened when I stumbled across the first steamy sex scene. Holy shit, this stuff was hot! I lifted my eyes to look at Maci, her adorable face red with embarrassment, then I looked back at the page. Up and down, up and down my eyes went as I tried to reconcile my smart, sexy wife with the inexperienced,

submissive woman in the book.

I placed the manuscript on the bed. "I have an idea." I walked to our dresser, pulling open the top drawer and rummaging around until I found Maci's bright pink vibrator. I turned to my wife, holding the toy aloft as I walked back to the bed. "How about tonight I read to you? With some extra special touches."

Confusion was etched on her face. She looked at me cautiously, "What do you mean?"

I shrugged. "That story is pretty hot, but wouldn't it be better to actually feel some of those sensations yourself?"

She nodded, still not understanding my suggestion.

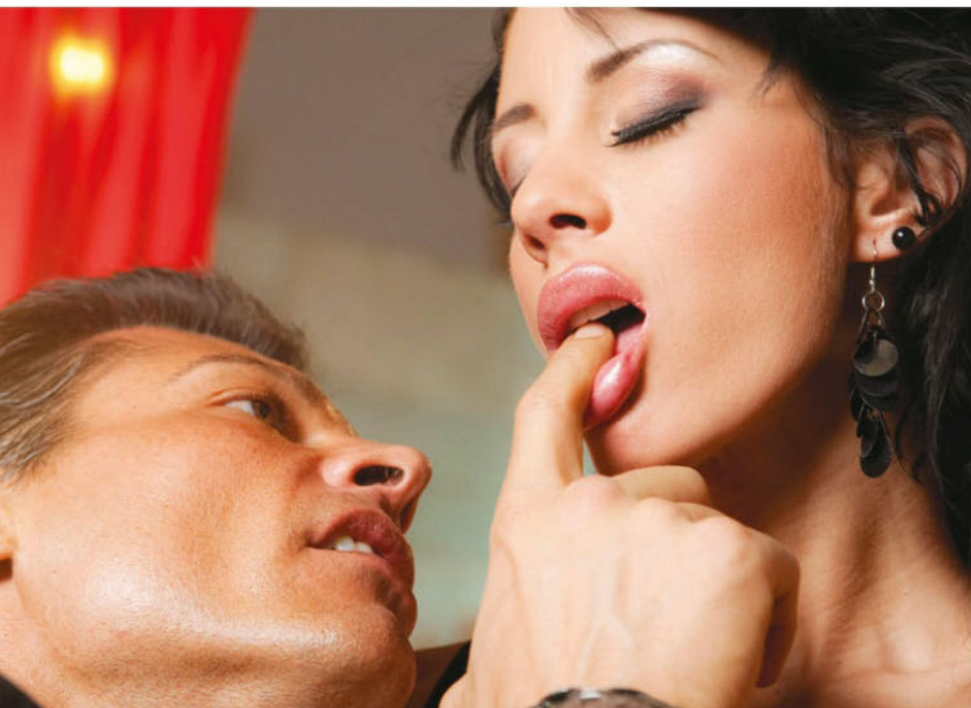
"Well, you happen to have a horny husband who's decided that tonight you get to experience your own romance novel."

Maci continued to stare at me, her mouth opening and closing as she considered what to say. I held up my hand and shook my head. "All you have to do is lay back and let me do the reading... and the touching," I said with a wink.

"O-okay," she stammered as she reclined deeper into the pillows.

Crawling onto the bed next to her, I fingered the hem of her silk nightie. "We need to get rid of this," I said. The wispy material fluttered as I whisked it over her head. She settled back onto the pillows, her creamy skin contrasting against our blood-red sheets. Her rosy nipples pointed up at me, and her shallow breaths made her tits bounce enticingly. Tonight Maci was the star of the show. "Now let's see where we left the Duke."

I opened the manuscript to the page I'd marked and began to read aloud. "Armand's body raged with naked desire. He tugged at Lady Claire's chemise, the material giving way to reveal alabaster breasts spilling over her corset top. His mouth descended upon her, greedily suckling the sensitive flesh." I dipped my head, trailing kisses along the top of Maci's breasts. She whimpered, her





fingers twitching at her sides. Her petal-soft skin was heaven on my tongue, her breasts quivering as she drew a shaky breath.

I was hesitant to stop but intent on resuming my reading. "Too impatient to untie her stays, Armand dragged his dagger along the laces, freeing Claire's breasts as the corset fell to the floor. He took a rosy pink nub between his fingers, rolling the delicate bud before taking a taste." Maci gasped when I pinched her nipple, gently applying pressure until I saw her ass wiggle against the bed. Then I lowered my mouth, sucking her firmly. Her hand fell onto my back, fingernails scraping across my skin as I grazed the swollen nub with my teeth.

I sat back, silently reminding myself to let the story be my guide. This erotic reading had my dick standing at attention, making concentrating on the printed page difficult.

I cleared my throat and continued. "Claire wilted under his touch. He slid his hand down the length of her torso, plotting a path from her cleavage to the engorged button raging between her thighs." My hand danced along Maci's skin, her breaths growing shorter as I

**"SHE WAS HOT
AND READY, HER
SKIN FLUSHED. I
LONGED TO
THRUST INTO
HER."**

approached her swollen clit.

"But Armand was only teasing her. She cried out when he pulled his hand away." My hand hovered over Maci, her labored breaths making her belly quiver. "Claire reached for Armand, desperation clear in her beautiful blue eyes. He relented. 'I can never deny you for long, my lovely,' he said, finally giving her the relief she craved." Maci gasped as my fingers moved against her clit. Her eyelids grew heavy and her head tilted back, making a very pretty picture in our bed.

"Armand massaged the pulsing nub between her thighs. He circled his

fingers until Claire was wild and wet, and desperate for more." My hand slid easily across her folds, and I marveled at my wife's copious juices. Maci moaned as I massaged her clit, my interest in the story dwindling as my wife quickly lost control. She was hot and ready, her skin flushed and her folds slick. I longed to thrust into her, but I wouldn't. Tonight was all about Maci reaching her own personal ecstasy.

I picked up the manuscript once more and continued to read. "Armand slid a finger into Claire's core, her walls closing tightly around him. He gently wiggled his finger, stretching her to better accommodate him. Then he pumped into her, savoring her breathy moans." I curled my index finger inside Maci, my finger crooking up to add a bit of pressure—just the way she likes it. Her walls clamped down on me, her body demanding that I fuck her harder.

"He worked her with his finger until she was quaking with desire, her delicate body racing toward release." To my surprise, Maci looked like she was pretty close to an orgasm herself. Her hips lifted off the bed, her head turning from side to side on the pillow as I drove into her. "Suddenly, Armand withdrew his

LETTERS

↘ CARNALCOPIA



finger, leaving Claire empty and wanting." I slid my finger from Maci's wet folds, and she groaned. Her hips slammed onto the mattress in protest, fingers clawing at the sheets.

Maci's eyes fluttered open. She looked up at me, blinking to clear her head and reenter reality. Her eyes narrowed. "Why did you stop?"

I moved on top of Maci, caging her between my biceps as I let my lips hover over hers. "I believe it's called building suspense." I grabbed the vibrator as I rolled over onto the other side of the bed, preparing for the next scene.

"Little did she know, Armand had a more...stimulating idea." I paused, making the vibrator buzz to life. "Claire felt something brush against her sex. She blushed when she realized it was Armand. Hard and ready—just for her." I circled tip of the vibrator at Maci's entrance. She spread her legs wider, hips tilting upward and silently inviting me inside.

"Armand eased into Claire, coaxing her walls wider." The vibrator slid into Maci easily, the slickness allowing me to sink to her core. She groaned, her body twisting as I increased the vibrator's intensity.

I leaned back, taking in the vision that was my wife as she began losing control. Golden hair was fanned across the pillows. A rosy-red blush spread from her neck to her chest. Her breasts

"MACI SCREAMED AS I SLAMMED AGAINST HER G-SPOT. HER PUSSY CLENCHED ME."

jiggled temptingly as she tried to catch her breath. That's when my resistance faltered. I decided she would get two more sentences from the book, and then she would have me.

"Claire opened for Armand, blooming like a flower. He drove into her, unable to control his desire for another moment." I pulled the vibrator from Maci, replacing it with my own raging erection. I plunged inside, my deprived dick throbbing as I fucked her.

My body sang, my cock savoring every stroke. She wound her legs around my waist, pulling me even deeper inside. I grabbed a pillow and shoved it under her ass, angling my hips so that she emitted a moan after every thrust.

Maci reached up to grip my shoulders, her nails biting into my skin. The sting only encouraged me, making me fuck her

harder and faster. Maci screamed as I slammed against her G-spot. Her pussy clenched around me, holding me tight.

Maci's moans guided the intensity and pace of my movements. The louder she screamed, the harder I pushed. I reached around my back, grabbing Maci's ankles and placing them on my shoulders. I pinned her with another hard thrust, making her ass lift into the air.

Sweat broke across my brow as my own needs grew more intense. My body screamed to let go, but Maci's groans had me holding back my climax. Her pussy twitched around my dick. She was temptingly close to coming, and I wanted to go with her.

I swiveled my hips, and Maci's pussy clamped on me like a vise. An orgasm wracked her body, her eyes widened, and her back arched off the bed. Those pretty pink lips parted in an extended sigh that dripped with sensuality.

My balls grew tight, every muscle in my body tense. With a groan I succumbed to my climax, reveling in every orgasmic spasm as I pumped myself into her.

I rolled off of Maci, pulling her to me and kissing the top of her head. My hands wandered from her stomach to her pussy. "So, how did you like my reading?"

She wiggled against me. "From now on, I officially refuse to sleep until you read me a bedtime story."

That was an easy deal to make. Turns out I'm quite the storyteller.

—R.S., Pawtucket, Rhode Island

■ LUST IS BLIND

I've made a commitment to say yes to new experiences. That's why I accepted my roommate's invitation to join her and some friends on a camping trip.

The morning of our departure, a pickup truck rumbled to a stop in front of our building, the cargo bed already full of

camping equipment. The door to the backseat opened and my roommate's friend stepped out. My eyes widened as I studied him. A faded T-shirt stretched across his broad shoulders. Brown hair curled haphazardly, locks falling forward onto his forehead.

He looked at me, his stare somehow unnerving and exciting at once. "Hi, I'm Chris," he said, extending his hand. Strong, thick fingers closed around mine, dwarfing my delicate hand. "You ever been camping before?"

I tugged my lip between my teeth, shaking my head. "No, this is my first time."

"Then I'll be sure to look out for you," he said with a smile. His eyes creased at the corners, making me think of all sorts of wild things I'd like to do in the woods to make that smile even broader.

"I'm counting on it," I said, feeling like a colony of butterflies just hatched in my belly. His fingers brushed mine as he took my bag, sending sparks across my skin. My eyes greedily devoured every inch of him. I was enthralled by the way he gracefully swung the heavy bag up and over the side of the truck, every muscle in his back rippling as he moved. Camping was starting to look a lot more exciting.

After we pitched our tents at the site, Chris volunteered to collect firewood. With everyone else busy unpacking, I jumped at the chance for some alone time with him.

As we crunched through the woods, Chris shared strange and interesting information about the plants around us. Apparently, he had done wilderness and survival training growing up. I had never met anyone like him.

"And that right there is the lusty lavender vine," he said, pointing to a wild-looking purple vine that stretched across the forest floor. "It got that name because natives believed its root was a natural libido enhancer."

I eyed him skeptically. "Really?"

He snorted. "No, not really."

I shrugged. "Just as well. My libido is in no need of enhancement."

His luscious chocolate-brown eyes widened. "Good to know."

I trotted ahead, considering my next move. He was definitely into me, and I intended to act on that interest. "All right, Mister Wilderness, tell me what that is." I pointed to a small shelter in the distance, too high off the ground to be a shed and too small to be a cabin.

"That's a hunting blind. It's what hunters use to conceal themselves."

I glanced back at the little structure. "You think anyone's in there?"

He shook his head. "Nah, it's off-season. It's probably empty."

I flashed him a grin before darting off toward the blind. I glanced over my shoulder, shouting, "You coming or not?"

He took off like a flash, reaching me just as I placed my hand on the door. I peeked into a window, noting that the blind was indeed empty. "Ooh, spooky," I

whispered as I pulled open the door and clambered inside.

I settled myself on a small chair in the corner while Chris hovered in the doorway, his eyes ablaze. "This is cozy," I said. His gaze traveled up and down my body, devouring me with a predatory stare that made my pussy pulse. Chris crossed the tiny room in one stride. He reached out, stroking my cheek as his lips hovered over mine. "You want this?" He paused, brushing his lips over mine. "You want me?"

Words caught in my throat as my tongue grew thick in my mouth. I nodded, offering the only answer I was capable of.

"Thank God," he groaned before his lips covered mine. My body seemed to buzz as the touch of his lips tickled every nerve from my head to my toes. The kiss was searching and desperate, his hands cradling my head as he angled my chin to deepen our connection.

The force of his enthusiasm pushed



LETTERS

▸ CARNALCOPIA

me back in my seat and pressed my body against the wall. I craned my neck to continue tasting him, determined not to break our liplock. Then his tongue touched mine, stroking me into an absolute frenzy.

He hovered over me, the minute gap between our bodies leaving me frustrated and needy. I curled my fingers into his belt loops, tugging hard to pull his body against mine. He crashed into me, and I wrapped my legs around him. I tightened my hold as I ground myself against him, forcing Chris to plant his hands on the wall to keep from falling.

My fingers grasped at his shirt, clinging to the material as I bowed my back and rubbed my tits against his chest. A wiggle of my hips told me that Chris was enjoying our rendezvous in the woods as much as I was; I could feel the intensity of his erection. My pussy sang as I rubbed against the thick cock hiding beneath his jeans. I placed a hand on his ass, squeezing the firm muscles before sliding around to his hip. I drummed my fingers along his thigh, itching to move closer to the promised land.

Chris had the same idea. He toyed with the waist of my jeans, pulling and pushing at the fabric until his fingers slid inside to brush against the silky material of my thong. I was panting now, so aroused that I was certain one touch to my clit would create an explosion. I pulled back gently, eyeing Chris longingly. "Do you have a condom?" I asked, desperation coloring my voice.

He reached into his back pocket to pull out a worn wallet and produced a single rubber. "Always be prepared," he said with a wink.

Chris fumbled with the button on his jeans, clearly intent on driving us home. I placed my hand on top of his, taking over. My fingers worked to open his pants, tugging at the zipper to reveal his gray boxer briefs. I smoothed my hand over his bulge, my eyes fixed on his face. Every stroke made his breath catch. I slid my hand down, cupping his balls and giving them a light squeeze. He hissed out a breath, his hands fisted at his sides.

I grew frustrated with the fabric between us. I gripped the band of his boxers and shoved them past his hips,

smiling as his pants went along for the ride. His cock was thick and long with a caramel-colored tip that begged to be licked. I took the shaft in my fist, testing his girth as I slowly slid my hand along the silky-smooth flesh.

A tiny bead of moisture appeared at the tip of his erection. My lips closed over his cock, my tongue swirling over the head as I took my first taste of Chris. Salty and sweet, my favorite. I hummed my approval, looking up in time to watch his head tilt back. A groan of pleasure rumbled in his chest.

Hands came down on either side of my head. He was pushing me forward, yet holding me back. Torn between the need to let loose and an instinct to be gentle. I would address the latter.

I cupped his balls, stroking the sensitive flesh with my thumb. The fingers of my other hand curled around the base of his cock, urging him deeper until I took in the entirety of him and his crown touched the back of my throat. My eyes watered from the effort, and I loved it. I sucked him harder, my pussy throbbing as I watched Chris unravel.

He pushed on my shoulders, freeing his cock before standing me up and spinning me toward the window. He placed my hands on the sill, and then he reached around to pop the button on my jeans, dragging the material down my legs. A rush of cool air spread across my backside as Chris pushed my pants to the floor. His finger toyed with the string of my thong, rolling the elastic so that the material shifted against the sensitive flesh of my sex.

My thong soon met my pants around my ankles, my pussy quivering. Chris's finger circled at the entrance to my sex, swirling around the moisture collecting between my labia. I moaned, arching my back and lifting my ass higher in the air. His finger drew a smooth line from my pussy to my asscrack. I shivered as he circled my asshole, the sensitive flesh unused to such attention.





I rocked my hips back when I heard the rip of the condom wrapper; I was ready for Chris to take me. Once he'd rolled the rubber over his shaft, he teased me by pushing only the tip of his dick inside. My body was hyper alert as I hovered near the point of pure ecstasy.

My muscles relaxed, my pussy greedily pulling him deeper. I sighed as my walls stretched to accommodate him. Chris plunged into me, his desperate grunts echoing throughout the tiny shack. I clutched the window sill, struggling to remain upright as every muscle in my body turned to mush.

Chris held me steady as he milked every ounce of pleasure from me. One of his hands slid around my front, making a beeline for my clit. I groaned loudly when he touched the sensitive nub, my body spasming under his touch. My head tilted on a moan, my body vibrating as every muscle coiled tighter, bracing for the ultimate release.

I was acutely aware of every sensation. An orgasm bloomed within me, its petals unfurling as my arousal reached its peak. Electricity rushed through my veins. I screamed, thinking I would break under the pressure. My walls pulsed around him, jolts of desire rocking every extremity. Chris grunted, his fingers digging into my hips as he continued to work my clit and claimed his own release as I succumbed to my own.

I crumbled, my body exhausted from sensory overload. My thighs were slick with my juices, my pussy still pulsing as I came back down to earth. Chris cradled me in his arms, slowly lowering us to the floor. He planted a soft kiss my forehead, then brushed a lock of hair away from my eyes. "You okay?"

"CHRIS HELD ME STEADY AS HE MILKED EVERY OUNCE OF PLEASURE FROM ME."

I smiled, burrowing myself deeper into his embrace. "I'm better than okay. I'm ready to do that again."

He laughed, the sound reverberating through my body. "That can definitely be arranged."

—P.F., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SUPPLY & DEMAND

My office lover, Ian, likes games, and I'm his favorite playmate. Our usual contest is whoever best distracts the other person at work wins. During one recent staff meeting, Ian turned distraction into erotic art. In the end, he may have been victorious, but I was the one who felt like a winner.

As our colleague gave his presentation, Ian's fingers toyed with the hem of my skirt, making me shiver as the satiny lining slid across my skin. A fiery blush scorched me from my cheeks to my chest. Crossing my legs served two purposes; it dulled the insistent pulse

between my thighs and would force Ian to pull his hand away—or so I thought. Instead, his finger traced the seam between my thighs, sending shivers down my spine. A fluttering began in my belly, and I bit my lower lip as I swallowed a sigh.

I scanned the room, taking in the impassive faces of our coworkers. Everyone's attention was focused on the speaker. No one was aware of our game.

I uncrossed my legs, letting my thighs fall open. My skirt rode up even higher, exposing the lace tops of my hose. Ian's fingers danced along the edges of the lace, leaving little goose pimples in their wake. He stroked the sheer fabric of my panties, and I melted into the chair. My eyes flicked toward the clock in the corner. Ten more minutes, and the meeting would be over.

My chest tightened as Ian brushed across my sex. The barrier between his fingers and my pussy dulled his touch, teasing me with only taste of what I craved. Desire simmered beneath my skin, and I tightened my grip on my pen, aching to relieve some of the growing tension in my muscles.

There were five minutes left when his thumb found my clit. My hand flew to Ian's thigh, squeezing hard as I bit back a gasp. The corner of his mouth lifted into a smirk as he pulled his hand back to his side. Then the meeting was over, and everyone was gathering their things before rushing for the hall.

Once I was confident no one would notice my actions, I tugged at my skirt, shimmying to bring it back into place at my knees. Ian was nowhere to be found, which was just as well since my legs wobbled as I walked toward the elevator. I rounded the corner near the supply closet when a hand darted out and pulled me into the darkness.

A familiar masculine body pinned me against the closed door. My heart stuttered as a hand fell gently over my mouth. Warm air fanned against my

LETTERS

↘ CARNALCOPIA



cheek as Ian whispered, "This part of the game requires a bit more privacy."

He planted his knees on either side of me, leaving his hands free to wander. They slid from my shoulders to my breasts, testing their weight in his palms as he rolled his thumbs over my nipples. Every brush against my nubs sent another jolt of pleasure to my pussy. A slickness between my thighs confirmed what I already knew: I was beyond ready to be fucked.

When his lips moved from my mouth to my neck, I lost the ability to speak. It was a relief that he understood my incoherent mumbling was me urging him on. One hand remained on my breast while the other wandered south.

His fingers danced along my skirt while his tongue tangled with mine. I whimpered when he pressed against my clit. I needed to be naked. I dropped my hands from Ian's shoulders to unzip my skirt, but he caught my wrists and pinned them above me. He shook his head. "Not this time."

My hips bucked, and my back bowed off the door. Ian kept my wrists pinned firmly above my head with one hand as his lips wandered from my neck to my cleavage. He nibbled and licked at the swells that spilled over the top of my bra.

"I WAS SHAKING AND GASPING FOR AIR AS WAVE AFTER WAVE OF BLISS ROLLED OVER ME."

His other hand tugged open the buttons of my shirt. He released my wrists, but I kept them in place on his orders. Shivers wracked my body as his tongue trailed along the curves of my breasts, slithering down my belly to the waist of my skirt.

I wiggled against the door, my body buzzing as I struggled to absorb every sensation. Ian slipped his fingers beneath the hem of my skirt, skimming them along my thighs before tugging at the bottom of the garment and folding it up over my hips. I was exposed, my sheer lavender panties seeming to melt under Ian's intense stare. My heart pounded in my ears, my breath coming in short little bursts that made my tits bounce.

I rocked my hips, praying he would get the point and put his mouth on me already. Instead, he slipped a finger beneath the edge of my underwear, his knuckles pressing lightly against my thigh as he explored. He murmured his appreciation. "I would have guessed a thong, but I like these better." I gasped when his finger slid between my folds. "Mmm, so wet already. You know I can see everything without even taking these off?" Then his tongue flicked at my clit, and my ass slammed against the door, rattling it on its hinges.

His palm pressed against my pelvis, stilling my hips. "Settle down—or I'll have to stop." I bit my lip and shook my head. *No stopping. Please, God, do not stop.*

His tongue lashed across my clit again, dampening the fabric until it seemed to meld with my skin. Every muscle grew tense as he pressed harder against me, my body seizing under his touch. He slipped another finger into my pussy and my walls closed around it, holding him prisoner until I received the release I craved.

He maintained an infuriatingly slow pace, gently stroking my G-spot as his tongue danced across my panty-covered clit. Tears pricked at my eyes as my body was pushed to its breaking point. I was tantalizingly close to an orgasm, his languid movements keeping me right at the edge of release.

"Ian, please. Please make me come." My whisper sounded foreign to my own ears, a plea of a desperate woman. There was nothing I wouldn't do to get him to make me climax.

A cocky grin spread across his face. "I thought you'd never ask." His tongue lashed at my clit once more, the sudden change in rhythm sending my body into a dizzying spiral of ecstasy. I lost all sense of the world around me. I pursed my lips, swallowing moan after moan as my body careened toward the ultimate pleasure. Every touch of his tongue to my clit only increased the intensity of it all.

Ian sucked my button between his lips, shattering every last piece of my self-control. Sparks flew across my skin as my legs nearly gave way beneath me. I was shaking and gasping for air as wave after wave of bliss rolled over me. I fell forward, slumping over Ian's head as he knelt before me and urged me to slide down the door and onto his lap.

I settled into his embrace, my frantic panting slowing. Ian's lips pressed lightly against my ear. "I hope I didn't tire you out."

I shook my head. "Just recharging my batteries," I whispered before I nibbled at his neck.

Ian eased me off his lap and onto the floor. "Good," he said as he swung an office chair out from the corner. He sat down, his eyes connecting with mine as he unzipped his suit pants.

Summoning every last ounce of energy in my sated body, I crawled toward Ian. I placed my hands on his thighs, using his solid form as leverage to lift myself onto my knees. His dick stood at attention, thick and proud with a tempting drop of moisture beading at the tip. The sharp rise and fall of his chest told me he was wild with need.

I flicked my tongue across my lips, enjoying how desperate Ian looked, then I licked the crown of his dick. Ian's breath came out in a hiss, his hips lifting off the chair. I placed my palm firmly on his thigh and shook my head, mimicking his earlier treatment of me.

Ian's skin was like satin. I swirled my tongue from base to tip, licking at his length like it was an ice pop. I wrapped my hand around his dick, twisting and sliding along his length as I worked him.

Ian's fingers wound into my hair as he bucked against my mouth. The man who was normally poised under pressure gave in to his animalistic hunger.

Ian pulled his hands from my hair and hooked his arms underneath mine, urging me to straddle his lap. I nestled my knees on either side of his thighs, my pussy

hovering above his dick. Ian hooked his fingers into my panties, yanking the crotch aside and teased my entrance with the tip of his dick. The slickness of my arousal allowed him to slide along my folds, reawakening the nerves that he'd exhausted mere minutes before.

My hips writhed, my body begging for more. My chest constricted, and my head swam as it became almost impossible to breathe. Ian jammed himself upward, forcing the air out of my body in a gust. His thickness felt foreign, my walls struggling to accommodate his girth.

As my muscles relaxed, my body sank further onto Ian's. The feeling of fullness reached from the top of my head to the tip of my toes. I silently wondered if anything had ever felt this good. Then he started to move.

I thought Ian's tongue on my clit was ecstatic torture, but that was nothing compared to the magic he was working now. We were frantic, our hips working hard and fast as we raced toward our orgasms. My cunt twitched with every stroke of his dick. I could feel myself

quicken. Ian's fingers curled into my hips, telling me he wasn't far behind.

Speech became impossible as he slammed into me. Another sharp thrust cut my connection to the world. I fell headfirst over the cliff, my body feeling as though it would break under the pressure. A strangled growl tore through Ian as he joined me, both of us careening over the edge together.

As I fell back to earth, my forehead rested against Ian's. "Same time next week?" he asked with a playful lilt.

I nodded. "Same time every week," I replied with a sated smile.

—A.L., via email

Life, like sex, is uncertain business. You never know what you're going to find. Same goes for Carnalcopy, which includes a little bit of everything. You might even find your letter there. Of course, you'll have to send it to us first! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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TOP 10

WITH PHOENIX MARIE & STELLA STYLES



TOP 10 SEXY VALENTINE TIPS

10. Send a dirty text that spells out your late-night plans.
9. Get brand-new lingerie that highlights your assets.
8. Play a high-stakes game of strip poker.
7. Cover him all over with red-lipstick prints.
6. Share a hot shower.
5. Engage in a full-body massage.
4. Put that blindfold into play.
3. Use candles for more than mood lighting.
2. Finally try the erotic act that's been on both of your minds.
1. Take it slow—for a long, sexy night.



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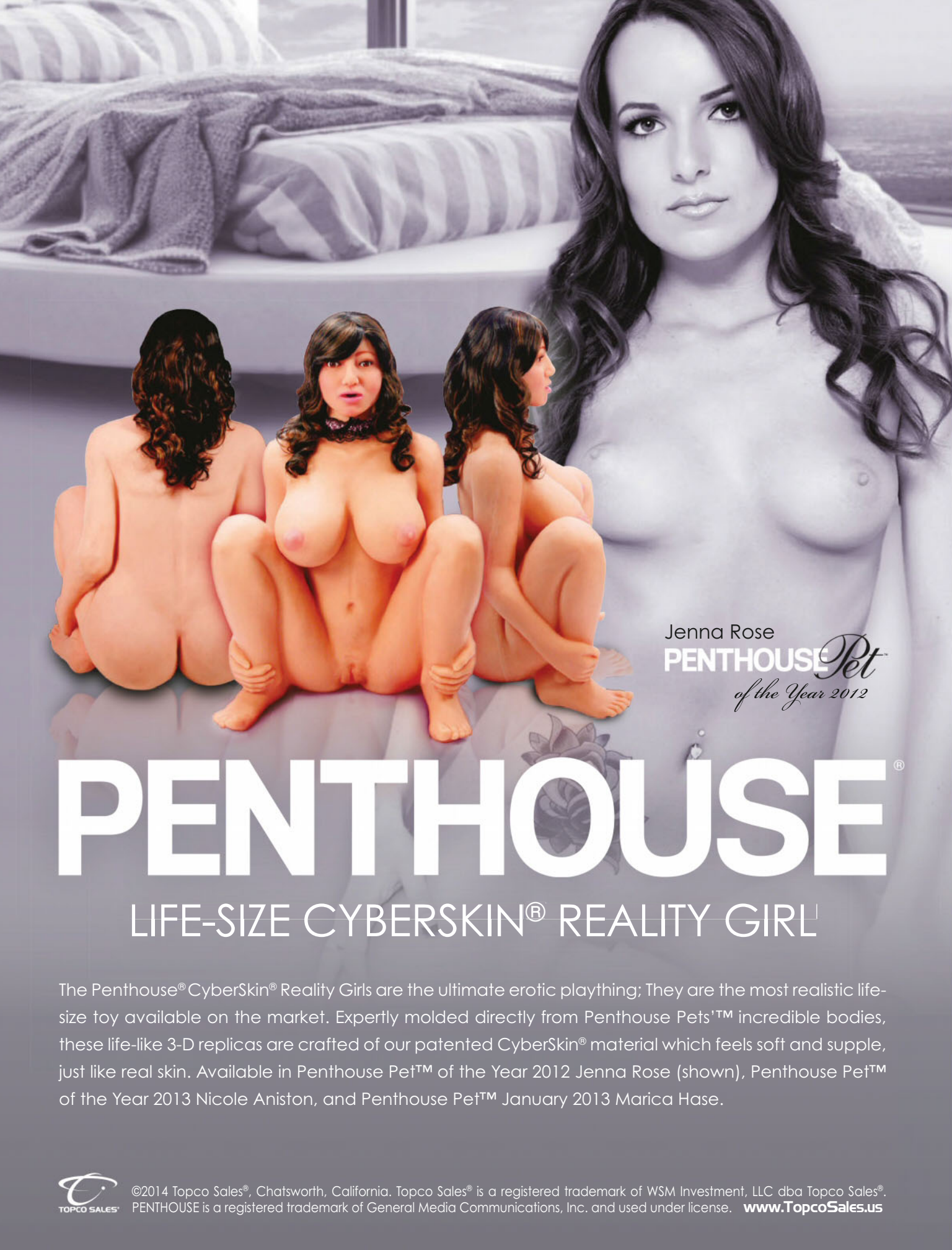
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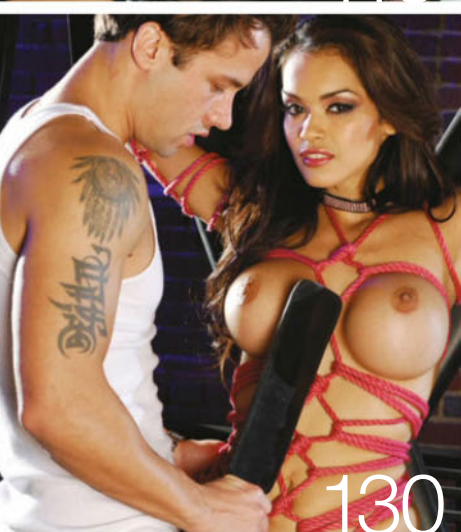
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VARIATIONS



CONTENTS

114 || EDITORS' NOTE

116 || FEMALE DOMINATION
LETTERS

122 || PICTORIAL:
EMILY ADDISON

130 || ORAL SEX:
WINNING & WINNING

A playful couple engages in an erotic contest, in which they both wind up victorious.
By Evelyn Santos

134 || DOMINANT SEXPLAY:
FOREVER ENTWINED

Rochelle's devious and dominant boyfriend sends her on a sexual shopping spree that culminates in an orgasmic ending.
By Rochelle Hewitt

140 || WIDE WORLD OF
VARIATIONS

EDITORS' NOTE

Not everyone has the same definition of romance. One person's sensual evening might leave another bored to tears. It's all a matter of perspective and preference, and the lusty lovers who share their confessions in this issue of *Penthouse Variations* definitely have eclectic—and exceptionally kinky—tastes.

This month's Female Domination letters feature a trio of torrid tales for you, including a submissive man who finds a fairytale-like happy ending at the local watering hole, an inventive domme who orchestrates a dirty three-way dalliance, and a matchmaker who spies the potential for an explosive connection between his friend and coworker.

With "Winning & Winning," Evelyn Santos has penned a playful piece about a couple's competition in which both parties wind up victorious. Rochelle Hewitt's "Forever Entwined" describes a week-long Valentine's tease as she takes us on a pervy shopping spree that culminates in an orgasmic ending. And Wide World of Variations delivers even more fetishistic delights, including a badass babe clad in mouthwatering boots that her submissive lover can't resist.

Have your own sizzling story to share? Email *Variations* at letters@penthouse.com, and you may see your story in print!

—The Editors



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■ HAPPY ENDING

You wouldn't think that a fairytale could come true in a dimly lit corner bar, but stranger things have happened. I found my own happily-ever-after—albeit one on the kinky side of the street—when a beautiful damsel made her way into the rowdy room.

She was so different from the giggling, twinkling Friday night set. She was all in black—turtleneck, trousers—and her high-heeled shoes laced up smartly. I've never been transparent about my desires with the guys. Saying you want to submit to a woman isn't the type of confession that comes naturally over nachos. But when the domme of my daydreams strode into the pub, I made my excuses and hurried to her side.

There was a throng, as ever, at the bar, but I muscled my way in next to her, and when she placed an order, I said, "That one's on me...if you'll accept." I hoped I wasn't being too forward. She had a certain domineering air about her, and I had a sense that she was into the same type of play that revs my engine. But you can never be sure.

"What else would you like on you?" she asked. Her cool tone set my libido ablaze.

While the bartender was off, mixing her martini, I leaned closer to her and in a low voice whispered, "Anything you want."

"I like that answer," she said. "I can work with that." I felt lit up at her approval, and I would have left with her right then, but she took her time with her drink. She toyed with the olives on the stick. She savored every sip of the fiery gin. The whole time, it was as if she held the key to my inner desires. Every look she shot me let me know that I was in for a wild evening. I simply had to bide my time, offer up my patience, rein in my desires. That sounds easy enough, but my cock was already reminding me that patience

isn't one of my top ten virtues.

"Do you have to tell your friends you're leaving?" she queried after she'd finished her drink. I shook my head as she wrapped one arm around my waist. My friends would be able to figure out what had happened. I saw my buddy Max shoot me a look over the head of the cute brunette he'd been chatting up. A look of interest. Did he guess? Could he know? Did I give a shit? Not at all.

On the ride to her place, there was none of the usual small talk I despise. We didn't discuss hobbies, bucket lists, or our first pets. Instead, she said, "Tell me, what's your safeword?"

**"SHE GAVE ME
THE FULL
TREATMENT,
SLAMMING INTO
ME SO I COULD
FEEL HER POWER."**

That was a promising start! I had one at the ready for her, but still, I waited a second, as if I were searching for the perfect word. Then I said, "Diamond."

"Really?" she seemed intrigued. "Is there a story behind that?"

I didn't look at her as I said, "No, ma'am. But you came in, and the place seemed suddenly filled with class tonight. You shone like a diamond."

She laughed at that, a low pleased sound that stirred me inside and out. I'd given her a compliment, and she'd accepted.

At her place, she had me undress immediately. Then she put a collar around my neck, attached a short leash, and led me to the bedroom. I've been with

my share of dominant lovers, but I had never experienced something like this so quickly. Our connection was white-hot. I felt as if I'd known her for years, had been kissing her feet, licking her pussy, submitting to her every whim. But this was our first night. The first of many, I dared to hope. I was thrilled at my luck. This woman kept a leash and collar in the chest of drawers by her front door! What else might she have in the place? Was she going to lead me to a secret dungeon room?

At this juncture, the answer was no. She took me to a severely decorated boudoir, one that matched her style of dress. Nothing out of place. All clean, hard lines. In her room, she had me follow a series of commands. I think she wanted to put me through the paces, simply to see if I could keep up. "Up" was definitely the operative word. The whole time, my dick was rock hard and my urgency was building. I would have done anything to please her. I would have jumped through any hoop. Fortunately, she simply wanted me to jump onto her bed.

I did so, and she said, "You're an obedient sub. I'll give you that. Now, what if I ask something more difficult of you? What if I blindfold you?"

I shut my eyes. My posture shifted, so that my head was slightly down as I offered myself to her. She slid a blindfold over my eyes, and I waited for what would come next.

"Now," she said, "what if I cuff you?"

My hands trembled. I would have put them forward, but maybe she wanted me with my wrists over my head. Or perhaps she'd have me bend with my hands behind my back. I nodded and awaited her next request with a fever building inside me.

Tell me, my inner voice begged. I'll do it. Just say the word.

"Over your head," she said, and that's how I found myself bound on her bed, positioned on my back, with my wrists cuffed and my sight impaired. What was

next? What would she do? I felt nails tickling along my ribs. I felt her breath against my skin. Anticipation sparked through me. I worked to keep my body still.

Then without warning, I felt something new. I shivered. She'd slid on a pair of leather gloves, and she was stroking me all over. However, these were more than average, everyday gloves. I tensed all over. These were vampire gloves, gloves with a bite, studded with tiny tacks at the fingertips to heighten the experience of being touched. My body shifted and bucked. I wanted to feel her hand around my cock, but I didn't dare ask for this. Not yet. I knew I still had to prove myself, and I was right. Next, she had me roll over on the bed, with my arms still above my head. I felt her slip a pillow under my hips. Now my ass was raised to her specifications. What would she do?

I didn't have to wait long to find out. Fairly quickly, she began to spank my ass, letting those exotic leather gloves torment my bare skin. I didn't moan or beg. I steeled myself to accept whatever punishment she saw fit to deal out. I knew I could last like this all night. I have a high tolerance for pleasurable pain. I wouldn't safeword. But clearly my lady was impatient; after a precious few stinging slaps, she asked me one more question. "Do you want to be fucked?"

"Oh, yes," I told her. "Yes, please, Mistress."

That's how I found myself on the receiving end of her strap-on. With my eyes shut behind the blindfold and the cuffs still on my wrists, I submitted totally to her. She used an ocean of lube, and she took me nice and slow at the start. But when she sensed I was ready, she gave me the full treatment, slamming into me so hard I could feel her power at my very core.

I knew better than to come without asking for permission. I held myself in check as long as I possibly could, but when I could wait no longer I



said, "Please, Mistress, may I?" I was desperate. If she denied me, I wouldn't be able to resist.

"With me," she demanded, setting me free, and I could tell that she was experiencing her own magical orgasm from the way she cried out and held still with that synthetic cock of hers jammed deep in my ass. I came all over her pillow, and then I shivered wildly with the last flickers of pleasure as she withdrew from my asshole.

Soon, too soon, she took off my blindfold. I rolled over to face her, feeling slightly sheepish. Would she set me free? Would she send me away? No, I got the feeling that she wanted something more. She'd made a total transformation. There she was, looking like a damsel in distress, with her long hair loose and her body almost glowing.

"I need you inside me," she said, parting her pussy lips to show me her pierced and bejeweled clit.

I had slain the dragon. I had survived the tasks. Now she would release me, her handsome prince, release me from my bonds so I could plunder her treasure-filled cave.

It was a kinkily-ever-after.

A fairytale with a submissive twist.

-R.G., Cheyenne, Wyoming

NO STRINGS

I know a lot of dommes who keep a ready stable of playthings, lovers they can call up at a moment's notice and set an evening into motion. But I've always been more spontaneous, a woman who likes to live without knowing exactly how an evening will end. This weekend, I went out with a submissive date, a man who lives to please, who loves to please. In fact, he will do anything I whisper in his ear. We were in a corner booth at a jazz club, and I noticed a young woman watching us. She was by herself, and she seemed to be more interested in our little corner of the room than in the combo on the stage. I told Darren to invite her over. He didn't balk. He didn't ask me what I had in mind. He simply strode to her table at the next lull in the music and invited her to join us. At least, that's what I imagine he did. Because soon he was on one side of me and she was on the other, and we were exchanging names and flirtatious glances.

Perhaps, she'd been eyeing him. I don't know. But I had the feeling she'd been cruising the two of us, and that made me feel warm and ready deep in the base of my belly. I was hungry for lust

VARIATIONS

▷ FEMALE DOMINATION



and desperate to stretch my skills. When the band quit for the night, I invited Joelle to join us at my place for drinks.

"Or to be one," I said, dangling the suggestion in front of her eyes.

"Be..."

"A drink to be savored," I suggested.

We were out on the sidewalk now, the neon lights of the club winking above us. Darren was at my side, looking ready for anything, as he always is.

Joelle seemed interested, her eyes wide. But she said, "Yours to drink? Or his?"

"The thing is," I told her, "I tend to orchestrate. Usually, I tell Darren what to do. I have him lick my pussy. I make him bow down for me while I wear a strap-on. I demand that he let me cuff him. Whatever feel I need."

"You're his..."

"Mistress," Darren said, proudly. So proudly. I wanted to ruffle his ebony curls and kiss his sweet lips, but I held back. We were out on the street in the night with cabs speeding by. We needed privacy for what I had in mind—a night of debauchery—so I made my bid.

"What if I tell you what to do, and then the two of you perform for me?" I

suggested in a low tone.

Joelle's eyes seemed to shine.

"And then," I said, "I'll reward you if I'm pleased, or..."

"Or," Joelle echoed.

"Or I'll punish you if you fall short of my expectations."

She kissed me. I was startled by this imp's rebellious side. I would have slapped her face, except the kiss warmed me. When a kiss is that unexpectedly delicious, you go with it. That's not to say I forgot who I was or what I prefer.

"You'll get a spanking for that," I assured her in a husky whisper, "as soon as we're someplace private."

"You promise?" she taunted. Darren looked at her, clearly shocked by the impudent way in which she was talking to me. That was okay. She didn't know me yet. She would.

We hurried to my place, and as soon as we reached my bedroom, I made good on my promise. I spanked her perky ass with my favorite wooden paddle until she was breathless and the scent of her aroused pussy perfumed the room. What a feast this nymph was turning out to be.

Then, to even things out, I gave Darren a matching spanking, bending him over

my lap and paddling him smartly, so both sets of their buns were glowing red. I felt all hot inside myself, from exerting my power. Then I told Darren I wanted to see Joelle fuck him. He seemed shocked that I would give him over so quickly, but I wanted to see if Joelle would be obedient for me. I knew Darren would.

Joelle slid effortlessly, almost elegantly, into the harness and strap-on. The leather device fit her hips as if made for her sleek physique. I saw her masterfully grip her faux dick, and I had the thought that this girl was a ringer. She knew her way around a cock. She checked in with Darren to see if he was really good with what she was doing. That move tugged at my heart. A dominant needs to be aware of her sub's boundaries. Darren was more than good, though. His cock was so damn hard. Joelle gave him a proper fucking, taking him nice and deep and not letting on in the slightest if she was becoming hot and bothered herself.

When I sensed Darren was on the cusp, I had Joelle stop. Then I cropped my beautiful boy, right on the backs of his thighs, making him promise not to climax until I gave him permission. He did his best, but I caught the pre-come slipping from his dick. I had Joelle clean that up for him with her mouth, and that's when he seemed on the verge of losing control. I told him he could come, but only if he licked Joelle's asshole first.

He was quick to rim her, his tongue delving between her still-rosy cheeks while she fingered her clit. After he helped bring her to her own orgasm, I let him have his. Deep in her ass.

The orchestrated evening worked to my benefit precisely. While I watched him drill her, making her bark with pure pleasure, I ran one hand along the seam of my own body, and I tugged my clitoris until I came with them, in a shower of golden and silver stars, like the puppeteer I've always craved to be.

—M.O., Houston, Texas

■ JUST MY TYPE

“**W**hat sort of lady is she?” I asked my friend Steve. He had suggested that he hook me up with a buddy of his, a woman he knew from the office who was, in his words, “on the prowl.”

“She’s your type,” he told me. “I know it.”

“That’s not answering my question.” I wasn’t intentionally being stubborn, but my string of recent sad dating stories had colored my view considerably. I didn’t want to strike out. Again.

“She’s a friend,” he said. “We talk over coffee. I know what she’s into. And”—he paused and eyed me carefully—“I think I know what you’re into, too.”

“What do you mean?” Now, I was half indignant and half curious. How could he...was he serious?

He leaned forward so that our conversation was really and truly private. “You know that dark club downtown? The one where leather is the new black?”

Well, yeah. I did know the club. How did Steve know the club? More importantly, how did Steve know that I knew the club?

“She hangs out there,” he continued calmly. He seemed to be waiting for me to interject. So I did.

“I do, too,” I said. “Sometimes.”

“I know. She saw you there, and then

she saw you with me last week when you met me in the lobby. She’s the one who made the connection, and she asked if I would do the rest.”

“So she’s a *domme*?” I let the word hang in the air. Steve seemed more in the know than I’d given him credit for.

“Yeah...”

I didn’t say it. I wouldn’t say it. There was no need to tell him that I was submissive, that all I truly desire is a beautiful, tough chick to put me in my place, to tell me what to do, to make me bow to her will. I simply told him to go ahead, give her my number, and we’d take it from there.

He shook his head. “Not the way it works,” he said as if I ought to have known better. He handed me her card. “If you’re interested, you make the call.”

That’s how it should go, I realized. That was the correct trajectory. I took the card, and as soon as Steve and I parted, I dialed her digits. She seemed to be

waiting for me. When I said, my voice low and humble, that my name was Mike, that I was friend of her coworker, she purred a hello and asked if I wanted to drop by for a drink. Or something.

Definitely, desperately, or something.

I was caught for a moment in a quandary, because I wanted to meet her right then, but I didn’t want to appear forward. I stammered the words that I hoped would make her take a liking to me. I played the humble card, the yearning card. I practically knelt with my words, begging. She took pity, thank fucking God. She told me her address and gave me a shade under enough time to get there.

“Or you’ll be sorry,” she promised.

I rushed to her apartment, doing everything possible to fulfill her impossible expectation. When she opened the door, she did not seem pleased. My heart fluttered. Being displeased suited her. She looked

“I WAS BESIDE MYSELF WITH GLEE. THE ICE QUEEN WAS PUNISHING ME!”



VARIATIONS

▾ FEMALE DOMINATION



**“SHE TOOK OFF
THE COCKRING
AND LET ME FUCK
HER. BUT MY
PUNISHMENT
CONTINUED.”**

haughty and striking, her eyes aglow, her face a mask of stern disappointment. My cock throbbed like a wild thing in my slacks. Would she punish me? Fuck, I wanted her to. I wanted her to take out every last bit of her displeasure on me. But in wanting that pain I had turned punishment into a reward. Could she tell? Did she know?

She gripped my upper arm and

dragged me forcefully inside. Then she shut the door behind me and motioned for me to get on my knees. I dropped to the floor immediately, automatically. My breath was coming fast, and not only because of the hasty journey I'd made to her place, but because she was leaving me weak.

This woman—this gorgeous goddess of a woman—had taken note of me. I had made a strong enough impression that she'd sought me out. I longed to live up to the expectation I saw in her cold eyes.

“I don't want to be forward,” I said, and then I cleared my throat because my voice had come out a jagged whisper. “But Mistress, Ma'am, please. I will do... I want to do... whatever you need.”

Would she be able to piece together these bits of phrases? Would she know what I was after? To my relief, utter glorious relief, she gave me what was almost a smile, and then she led me by the arm to her bedroom. There, she had me lick her boots for her, boots I had

seen clicking on the cold floor of my favorite club. I remembered what she'd looked like, punishing sub after sub. Sometimes using a crop, sometimes a flogger. I recalled the sounds she'd wrung from her submissive lovers, the moans and sighs. Suddenly, I realized that while I'd lost myself in memories, I'd grown sloppy cleaning her boots. She was staring at me with that expression of complete displeasure. I froze, unsure of what to do.

She wasn't unsure at all.

In seconds, I found myself bound to her wall, my wrists cuffed, my ankles wide apart. She attached a cockring around my member and stuffed a plug up my butt. Then I was reliving those memories of her punishment sessions—except, I was the one being punished. She chose a mean crop, which she used to heat my ass fully. Then she swapped that for a flogger. I was beside myself with glee. The ice queen was punishing me! My cock bobbed, but I couldn't come.

She used me as I'd seen her use sub after sub. I knew my ass would be sore the next day. Then she released me, took off the cockring, and let me fuck her. But my punishment continued. She left the plug filling my ass the whole time, so I would remember who was really in charge.

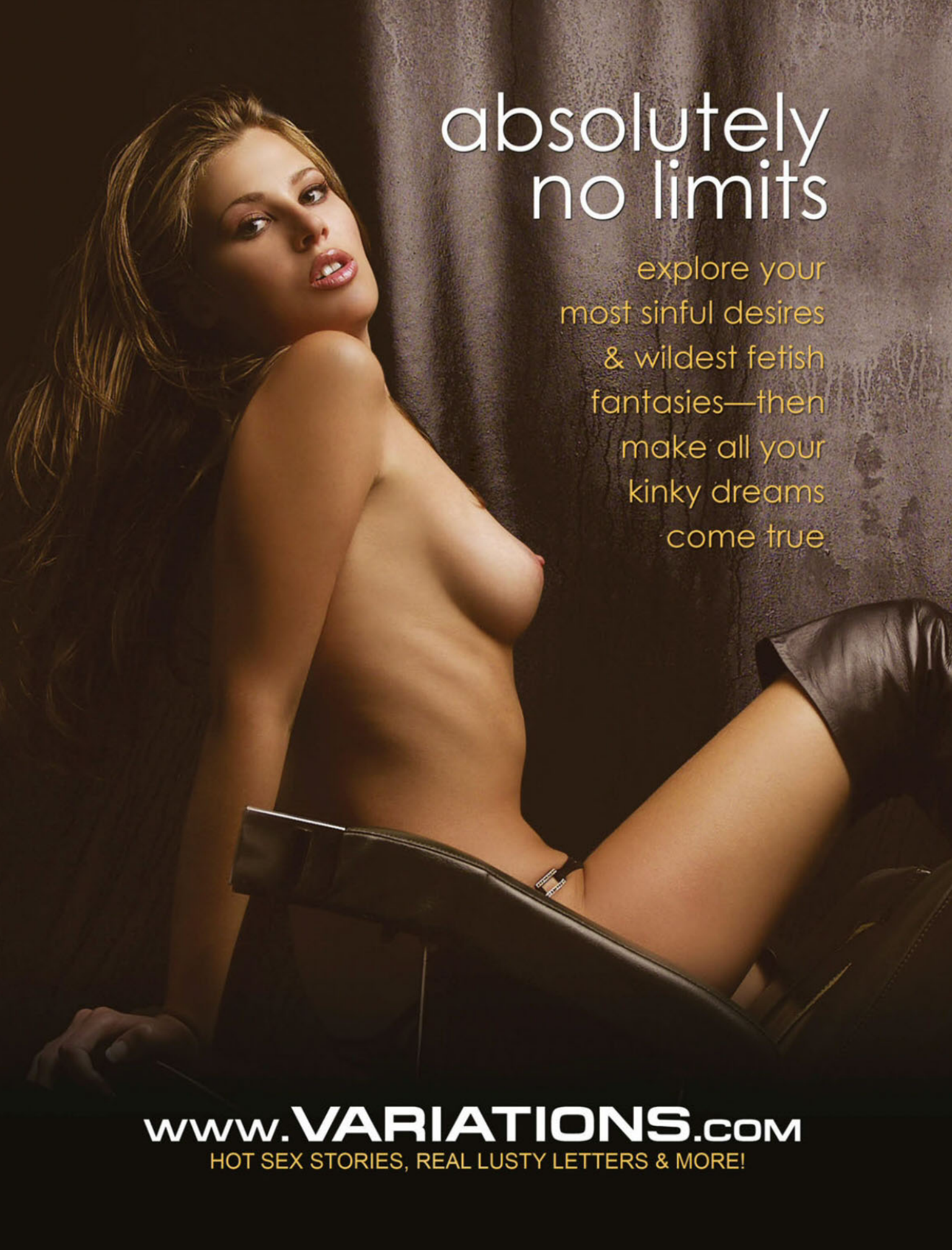
I was delighted when she came on my cock, but saddened when she did not give me permission to come inside her.

“Maybe later,” she said, “after you finish polishing my boots.”

She turned on the light in her closet, and I saw dozens of pairs awaiting my tongue.

—M.M., Seattle, Washington

Are you in thrall to a demanding domme? What wicked games does she devise for you to play? Send us a letter praising her cruel intentions. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is reclining in a black leather chair. She is topless, showing her midriff and breasts. She is looking back over her right shoulder towards the camera with a slight smile. Her legs are bent and raised, wearing black leather boots. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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WINNING & WINNING

A playful couple engages in an erotic contest, in which they both wind up victorious.

By Evelyn Santos

My arms were cuffed over my head. My legs were splayed, and my ankles fastened to the posts of the bed with colorful silken scarves. What time was it? Six p.m. on Friday night. That sounded about right. Wes and I make it through the pressures of the workweek with the goal of Friday-night bondage to keep us moving forward, striving toward that shining shimmering light of kink, bright at the end of our tunnel.

Wes looked up at me, his dark hair combed off his high forehead and his deep gray eyes the color of storm clouds. My heart swelled as I gazed at him, feeling the bold connection we share, that bond between us of pure attraction. The muscles of his arms flexed, and I spied the tattoo on the ridge of his shoulder. I'd been with him when he'd chosen that design, dark green vines that surrounded one word. My name.

He kissed along my inner thighs, and a flurry of emotions broke inside me. Being bound made the soft kisses even more powerful. The slight tickling sensation drove me mad with desire. I wanted more. I wanted him to fuck me, to drive his rod into me with firm, powerful strokes. But I didn't have anything to say in this matter. He was in charge. He would set the pace. All I could do was relax and bask in the pleasure he was bringing me. Yet that didn't stop me from testing my bindings, pulling on the cuffs, or tugging on the scarves. Wes grinned at me, understanding exactly what I was doing.

"I've got you, girl. You're not going anywhere. You are mine."

This week there had been an extra twist to the bargain. We tend to take

turns being in charge. Sometimes, my husband chooses to submit to my will. He calls me "Ma'am" or "Mistress," and he bows to my decadent whims. I love making him work for my approval; I adore making him beg. Other erotic evenings, I follow him on hands and knees, doing my best to obey his carnal commands. We both enjoy playing the roles of dominant and submissive, and we get a thrill out of taking each other to the edge. I think we're so savvy at sliding into the

**"I BEGAN HUMMING
HIS LEG—WHICH
WAS CAPTURED
BETWEEN MY
THIGHS—AS I
BLEW HIM."**

respective roles because we know how much we enjoy being on either side. I can play a cruel *domme*, but I can also be a submissive kitten. It's all about mindset for me—the result being the same type of pleasure, warm and sticky, humming throughout my body.

Yet this week, Wes had suggested a type of contest. "What if I see how many times I can make you come over the next five days?" he asked. He was in a sublime position to make this proposal, situated as he was between my thighs. His full lips were slick with my juices, and I was in that hazy, lazy place of almost reaching climax. In fact, if he stopped

talking and went back to licking, I knew I'd come in seconds. But Wes seemed to really want to discuss his idea. He propped himself up on his elbows and stared along the line of my body. I bit my lip, doing my best to focus on what he was saying. My eyelids kept trying to flutter closed. My hips moved against our silk sheets in spite of my telling them to behave.

"What do you mean?" I asked, panting between words. What I wanted to suggest was, "Can we talk about this later? After? Can you go back to making those delicate circles around my throbbing clit?" But I didn't want to appear rude or crude.

"We could call it a challenge," he said, pausing to lick a little of my honey from the corner of his mouth, "whoever makes the other come the most times wins."

"Seems like the person who comes the most would be the winner," I mused. He was tapping on my clit now with his pointer, even while we were talking, so although I wasn't receiving the oral stimulation I adore, he hadn't forgotten my position while we conversed.

"Well, there's winning and there's *winning*," he agreed. "What if the person who wins is the one who plays the sub this weekend?"

Ah. I saw where he was going. And I started to ruminate on the concept. The lover who provided the most outstanding orgasms would be on the receiving end of the pleasure stick over the weekend. I liked the idea immensely. Of course, there was an added issue. I tensed my thighs. Wes grinned at me.

"I know what you're thinking," he said, and I could hear a low rumble of a laugh in his voice. "You're going to try not to come, aren't you?"



Well, damn. I had immediately thought of ways to increase my likelihood of winning. That was the first that had come to mind, as it were.

"Do you worst," he said. "Or your best?" Then he dipped down once more, stretched me wide open with his palms, and began to eat my pussy in the most seductive, electrifying fashion. He ate from me as if I were a piece of ripe fruit, a succulent delicacy. Every time he slicked his tongue across my clit, he brought forth a fresh rush of more juices. Then he rubbed his cheeks against me, letting me feel the soft tickle of his long hair on my inner thighs. He even wet one finger and began to stroke my asshole while he nipped and sucked at my clit. The results were instantaneously explosive. I couldn't believe what he was doing. Where had he learned tricks like this? Why had he been holding out on me? This was unfair! Yes, maybe I had the home-court advantage, but Wes was breaking out all sorts of new maneuvers.

Finally, he simply slurped my clit into his mouth and began to suck hard, as if working a lollipop, and I climaxed before I knew I was coming. Sometimes the simplest moves are the best. Fuck holding out. Fuck going slow. I dragged my fingers along his shoulders, searching for purchase, and I lifted my hips up

off the mattress, sealing myself to his mouth as I creamed. That was a climax for the history books, one of those earth-shattering moments you know you'll never forget. I saw gold stars in my vision. I saw bright lights.

"Jesus," I sighed as I floated back down to earth. "What the fuck are you doing?" "Winning."

Oh, the sly fox! I couldn't have that! We'd only just kicked off the contest, and already we were one to zero. I'm a competitive person. Wes knows that full well. When we play a game, I play to win. No pouting or trilling about being a girl. On the racquetball court I'm a menace. When we sit to play cards, I always have an ace up my sleeve.

Now, I pounced, switching positions with him, forcing him down on his back on the mattress before he could stop me. Eating me had gotten him turned on. His dick was as erect as a cock could be, his rod at full mast, the head thick and glossy with pre-come. Delicious, slippery pre-come. I licked him slowly at first, drawing out the satisfying initial moments of filling my mouth with his taste. Wes and I have been lovers for years, but I've never gotten over how sweet his skin is, how his semen tantalizes my taste buds. His flavor is salty and rich, and I always crave more. His reward is in that way my reward.

Wes started to moan, low and sexy, letting me know I was hitting the right pattern of swirling my tongue and then sucking him in deep. I settled comfortably into a rousing rhythm, employing all of the moves that I know he adores. Wes started to murmur under his breath, spurring me on with whispered encouragements. We were going to be one to one in no time, I decided. Yes, he'd made me come right at the start, but I was going to even the score.

The problem was my own fierce libido. Simply put, I couldn't help myself. Sucking Wes's dick always turns me on. So even though I'd already experienced one intense orgasm, I began humping his leg—which was captured between my thighs—as I blew him. This worked to my advantage in one way. He stimulated my already sensitive clitoris as I sucked his cock to the root. The petal-like lips of my pussy were splayed against his muscular thigh. My wanton wetness made for a well-lubed ride.

Only too late did I realize what I'd done. As I brought Wes to climax, feeling ridiculously proud of myself for my oral prowess, I triggered my own satisfying orgasm. Wes basked in the glow of his release, quiet for several moments as his breathing returned to normal, but he started to laugh as soon as he

VARIATIONS

▷ ORAL SEX

caught his breath. I was red-cheeked from a combination of passion plus embarrassment. Yeah, I'd made him come, filling my mouth with his seed, but I'd come, too, so he was still ahead even after I'd given him head.

Suddenly, I realized how difficult a week this was going to be. If I wanted a shot at winning, I had to learn some control quickly—and I had to up my game. I wondered if Wes could see the plans already gyrating through my mind.

That night, we nestled in each other's arms. Was Wes was already envisioning the week? He's a powerful adversary. Would he try anything tricky on me in the a.m.? I could imagine him building intricate plots, waking me with a little early morning oral, attempting to seal his lead. That wasn't going to happen. I kissed him innocently, then waited until he fell asleep to set the alarm on my phone.

All is fair in love and war, right?

I woke up extra early and wriggled around on the mattress to welcome Wes into the second day of the workweek. I wished I could have seen his eyes open as I slid my lips around his dick. But I was burrowed under the covers, working his pole like a pro, licking and tonguing him until I was sure that not only his member was awake—but that the whole great beast of him was, as well. He stretched as I tugged at his tip, and he groaned as I did my best to deep-throat him. Wes is blessed with a powerfully long penis, but I worked damn hard to take in all eight inches.

He petted my head and called out my name, his voice still thick with sleep. I wondered if he was thinking about the contest. If he was remembering the stakes. Taking a quick breath, I nuzzled his balls, then flicked the tip of my tongue right behind them to stimulate that special spot. He didn't seem to be trying not to come. In fact, I was swallowing his spunk in record time. I wondered if he would attempt to return the favor—we

were two to two right now. But he simply kissed me good morning, gave me a wry little grin, and then headed to the shower. The score was even. I was pleased. That is, until I got on the subway and began receiving the filthiest texts from him that I'd ever seen before. That's how he was going to play? I could decide not to read them, of course, but after the first several, I was hooked.

"You have the sexiest smile," read the initial text, innocently enough.

Then things got good.

"Especially right after you blow me. That look of wicked pleasure makes me want to do the dirtiest things to you."

**"HE BEGAN TO
LICK MY CLIT TO
THE PACE I SET
SUCKING ON THE
TIP OF HIS DICK."**

My pussy grew wetter as I read his words. I told myself to stop. I could check the texts later. I slid the phone into my purse. But I've never been adept at withholding pleasure from myself. I peeked at the phone.

"Your mouth is pure heaven. I lose track of time and space when I feel your warm lips surround me."

He was penning naughty poetry. I couldn't figure out what to do. It was obvious what I *should* do: save the texts for later. The thought of Wes on his own train, texting me these words while surrounded by fellow commuters, only upped the arousal coursing through my body. Ultimately, I gave in, as he must have known I would. I hungrily devoured

every word he typed, and I did my best not to breathe too deeply or flush too pink.

By the time I arrived at work, I was practically out of my head. I was close to taking a personal day and hurrying to Wes's office to drag him back home. But that would have let him know what his words had done to me. I'm too much of a competitor for that. Still, I had to do something. He'd written specifically about the way he wished he could take care of me. The way he'd lick my pussy, then lick my asshole. How hard his cock was.

I rushed like a madwoman to the bathroom and rubbed out a quick climax in the corner stall. Damn, Wes. He was one ahead. Worse than that, his words had amped me up so high I couldn't stop at one. I thrust my sopping fingers deep into my snatch, eking out a second orgasm, and then a third. I didn't see the tiled walls around me. In my head, I was in our bed and Wes was taking care of me exactly as he'd written. The mind is an amazing place. Mine let me envision each and every sensual step of the ride.

When I regained some sense of decorum, I realized where I was: standing with my legs apart in the bathroom stall at work. My fingers smelled like pussy. My thighs were slick with my juices. *Down, girl*, I thought. *Control yourself. You've got work to do!*

Of course, I didn't have to tell Wes what I'd done. There was no way he'd know the effect of his words. But that's not the way I play games. If I win, I want to win fair and square. No cheating. No cutting corners. No hiding climaxes. Resigned, I sent him a text: "You: 2. Me: 5."

"Bad girl," he wrote back.

"You have no idea," I responded. "I just came three times in the ladies' room!"

He sent me a string of emoticons for that one.

I probably ought to admit defeat, I thought by lunch. To my surprise, Wes sent me an afternoon text that told me



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he was going through a similar form of pleasurable hell. At the thought of me jerking off in the bathroom, he'd done the same, coming fiercely in the stall. I was trailing, but not by much.

We spent the whole week like that. One of us gaining the upper hand and the other chasing after. He was up one. I was up two. Then Friday morning, I pulled out all the stops. When he woke up, I was wearing his favorite erotic lingerie. My whole body was covered in a fine fishnet bodysuit, one with holes for my holes. His three climaxes before work sealed my fate.

Which is how I found myself tied to the bed on Friday night, awaiting the bliss that had been promised to me as the winner of the week. Wes made good by me. He put clamps on my nipples and a plug in my asshole. I was higher than I

could ever remember. The whole week's worth of climaxes felt as if they'd been mere warmups for this event. My body was in tune with Wes's. I could see his cock hard against his thigh as he bound me and prepared me for what was next on the agenda.

How suitable that what was next was his tongue. He'd trussed me up in order to treat me the way the whole week had started: with him in between my thighs, licking my split, and me trying my best not to come. Staving off my orgasm. But for a different reason entirely this time.

"Don't you dare," he hissed. "Don't you dare come without permission."

Yes, now I was his sub, his plaything. He might be about to make me come, but climaxing without his approval would win me punishment instead of pleasure. I shut my eyes and hummed under my

breath. Wes suddenly surprised me with a trick I hadn't expected because all at once, there was a cock in my face. He'd swiveled around into a 69, so that his comely cockhead was nudging my lips. I wanted to suck him. I was raring to go. But I needed to hear his words first. If I started to blow him before he told me to do so, that wouldn't be acting the part of the sub.

"You may," he said magnanimously.

I opened my mouth and drew him in. He began to lick my clit to the pace I set sucking on the tip of his dick. We were beautifully linked, perfectly in tandem. And when we came, together, I realized what I ought to have guessed at the start, what I should have known from the beginning. Whenever Wes and I make love—however we choose to do the deed—we're both winners in this game. 



FOREVER ENTWINED

Rochelle's devious and dominant boyfriend sends her on a sexual shopping spree that culminates in an orgasmic ending.

By Rochelle Hewitt

Some dominants delight their subs with whips and chains. Others tease and torment with candle wax, paddles, floggers, and crops. Mine likes to exert his power over me in more subtle ways. Yes, we play with pain and pleasure, with dominance and submission. But even more important in our BDSM relationship is the complicated manner—the intricate puzzles—which he loves to explore. Colin often sets me on missions and punishes me or rewards me depending on how well I meet his various challenges. Because my heartthrob has a job that takes him on the road for weeks at a time, I've become accustomed to the fact that he'll often communicate with me via good, old-fashioned mail. I may be the one woman in the world who gets wet while waiting for the post to arrive.

A week before Valentine's Day, I received a bright fuchsia envelope. The note stood out among the rest of the standard flotsam and jetsam of magazines and junk mail. As soon as I saw the pink paper peeking out from behind a flyer for a quick lube job, I felt excitement building inside me. I guessed that Colin must have mailed the note before he'd left on his latest business trip. At first, I thought the card would be a simple valentine. He must have wanted to be sure the message arrived on time. But when I opened the envelope, I realized that this was more than your average love letter.

The heart-shaped card looked slightly vintage, which is exactly my style. Colin knows me so well, and he understands my personal aesthetic. On the red interior was a poem written in his own handwriting. No "roses are red" for my man. His kink shone

brightly from the page:

"February 14th comes once a year. I expect to see you in something sheer."

Along with the valentine was a gift certificate for my favorite lingerie store. I felt the smile spread across my face. Colin had been with me to that store on many happy occasions. He understands how much I enjoy shopping for frilly items, so he'd set me on a task that he knew would bring

**"I WAS DRIPPING
WET, MAKING
THOSE PANTIES AS
DAMP AS HE'D
REQUESTED IN
THE RHYME."**

me hours of delight. What girl wouldn't love to go lingerie shopping? I didn't waste any time. I headed directly to the boutique, already imagining the type of attire I might purchase. Maybe I'd find a skimpy teddy or possibly tap pants and a camisole. Once at the store, I took my time choosing something I thought Colin would appreciate. He likes sleek and sophisticated styles in the bedroom. There were so many things to choose from! After trying on a variety of items, I found a black negligee I adored. It was entirely see-through and would fulfill Colin's expectations. I purchased a pair of matching thigh-high stockings to go with the delicate nightie.

He and I were scheduled to talk on the computer that night. Part of me wanted to show Colin what I'd bought. Sometimes I dazzle him before bed with frisky webcam fashion shows. I envisioned myself twirling for him, lifting the gossamer-thin fabric so that he could peek beneath. Or maybe pulling the nightie tight against my nude body and feeling his warm gaze on me through the sheer attire. We were going to talk at eight o'clock my time, but I knew better than to make the fashion-show suggestion myself. He'd told me what he wanted. He'd tell me when he was ready to see my obedience in action. So I didn't mention the card that had arrived, nor my shopping spree, and he didn't say a word about the upcoming holiday, either. He simply talked about the meetings he'd attended, and he told me that he missed me. The feeling was more than mutual.

I didn't expect anything else, to be honest. The nightgown was hanging on the back of my closet, as a reminder of how I'd dress upon his return. But the next day, when the postman dropped the mail through the slot, I received another card. My heart beat at triple speed as I tore open the envelope. Colin was definitely spoiling me this year! What would he ask of me next?

This card was ringed in lace. On the back, in silver ink, my beau had penned:

"Although I love to see you kneel, make sure you're wearing a pair of heels."

Shoe shopping! He was asking me to go shoe shopping! Inside the envelope was another certificate, this time for a store in the heart of downtown. My sweet master has a major fetish for seeing me in the highest spiked heels. Even if I end up crawling across the floor to him, he tends to request that I wear a pair of heels

the whole time. I've become incredibly adept at maneuvering in five- or even six-inch stilettos. Thinking of the nightie I'd bought, I decided I had a choice between black (to match) or red (in honor of the holiday). I'd head out first thing in the morning.

I went with scarlet, a towering pair of high heels that were super-glossy and put me at nearly six feet tall. Colin is 6'4", so I'd still be looking up at him. I walked around the shoe department in the heels, and I caught several of the women shoppers giving me sidelong glances. Did they think I looked slutty in my dangerous heels? Would they have been envious to know that the shoes were an early Valentine's present from my boyfriend?

At home, I spread out my outfit and admired the way the items looked together. Colin was due to come home on Valentine's Day. I still had nearly a week to wait. I wondered if he'd mind me masturbating while wearing the outfit. I was fairly sure he would, so I kept my hands to myself. When he called, I could ask. I could let him know my desires. Until then, I'd keep my libido in check.

This proved more difficult than I'd expected, however, because before Colin called the mail arrived. I tossed the magazines, the circulars, and the junk mail in a heap, searching for another envelope. I didn't mean to be greedy, but he'd put me into a state of near-drooling anticipation. This one was pale pink. Inside was a card covered in rhinestones. Colin had written:

"I want your panties nice and damp. You'll have to wear a special clamp."

The words alone served to heat me up. I took the card into the living room and read the note again. A special clamp. My clit throbbed as if it knew the note had been written with it in mind.

In this envelope was a certificate for the local sex toy shop. Colin clearly meant that he wanted me to buy a clamp for my pussy. I was sure of that. It



VARIATIONS

▷ DOMINANT SEXPLAY



was an act he'd been hinting at for some time. Occasionally, Colin has put nipple clamps on me, a bejeweled set with a chain that dangles in between. I closed my eyes and remembered the way that felt, how he pinched my nipples first to make them erect before slipping on the clamps and fastening them tight. A jolt of electricity had shot through me. He'd kept the clamps on my tits while fucking me, and the orgasm I'd experienced had been one I'd felt in every fiber of my being. However, we'd never tried one directly on my clit before. Sure, Colin had pinched that hot little button between his fingers. He'd nipped at me from time to time, but this was going to be different.

Honestly, I was nervous about this next purchase. I went to the store and asked

the girl behind the counter for help. She assisted me in choosing what she told me was her own personal favorite clamp on the market. She looked as if she meant every word, and I appreciated her candor. I used the card Colin had sent me to pay for the purchase. Then I went home and spread out all of the items on the bed. For some reason, the clamp was hard for me to ignore.

What would that feel like on my clit? Would he know if I tried it out? My mind began to work in rhyme. *If you put that on your clit, he'll make it hard to sit.* I was sure he'd spank me if he found out I'd gotten ahead in our game. So I forced myself to go to bed that night without pleasuring myself, but I tossed and turned throughout the evening, and I don't really think I got any sleep at

“HE USED THE PADDLE, BUT THIS TIME ON MY NAKED SKIN. I FELT THE STING OF THE WOOD.”

all. In the morning, I had an email from Colin. This one was just as poetic as the missives he'd sent to date. It read:

“In love, I believe, we're the best of scholars. You'll get an 'A' if you buy a collar.”

For some reason, I hadn't thought about checking the balance on the gift card for the sex toy store, and sure enough, there was still money available on the card. Back I went, and the same employee was working the cash register. She grinned at me as I found a collar that felt suitable, one that Colin would undoubtedly admire. I wondered if there would be more trips here. He was definitely putting me into a state of dreamy arousal for the upcoming event. I'd never experienced such serious foreplay before.

Waiting at home was another envelope. Before I tore it open, I tried to imagine what the next request would be. Rhyming has never been my forte. But I know what type of kink pleases my man. *After I bend you across a saddle, you'll soon feel the sting of my paddle?* No. Not good enough. And we didn't own a saddle. I laughed at my poor attempt to guess what might be forefront in my man's mind. Lube? Did something rhyme with lube?

Still he managed to surprise me.

“Once I have you in the buff, you'll definitely need a set of cuffs.”

The week went on like this until I had amassed the nightie, stockings, panties, heels, and the collar, cuffs and clamp, as well as a paddle and a vibrator. All I really needed now was Colin.

To my surprise, the postman didn't bring an envelope on Saturday. There were no emails. No special texts telling me to take a picture (what rhymes with picture?) or shoot a video. Although I thought of the instructions myself: *If you're feeling kind of groovy, we could make a sexy movie.* I was coming up with these on my own now on a regular basis, turning myself into a dirty, sexy poet.

Without a card advising me what to do, I gave in to my whims. He'd never know, I told myself. I'd put everything back into the respective bags when I was finished. I'd play the wide-eyed and innocent if he asked whether I'd gotten a head start. Yes, I finally decided to get dressed up in my new gear. I wouldn't really be breaking any rules, I lied to myself reassuringly. I'd simply see what I looked like in the nightie and the heels, the collar, the...

As soon as I was dressed, things took a turn for the sexy. My body responded as if Colin was nearby, barking orders, issuing commands. In my mind, fantasy Colin told me to use the new vibrator—he'd been clever with that one, not rhyming vibrator itself but rhyming "toy" with "joy"—and ultimately I caved, melting before every last one of my desires. I lay back on my bed, legs spread and body primed. I ran the tip of the toy up and down my split, and I was in the very throes of passion when a noise broke through my reverie.

What was that?

The doorbell. It was the fucking doorbell! It couldn't be Colin. He wasn't due back until Valentine's Day. Then I realized I had lost track. It wasn't the 13th but the 14th. How had that happened? How had I managed to be so confused?

But Colin wasn't the only person who ever rang my bell. I shouldn't get



myself into such a state. The door chime sounded again, and then there was a louder knock on the front door. I thought maybe the postman really was bringing me something. Perhaps I would need to sign for a package? I wasn't dressed for visitors, though. Not in those shoes and that sheer attire. I tiptoed down the hall as well as I could in the heels. Cautiously, I peeked out the window, and there was Colin, suitcase at his side. I felt anticipation winging through my body as I opened the door. Then I remembered: I was wearing all the clothes! He'd know! My cheeks went as deep rose as the

valentines he'd sent me.

I opened the door. There was a moment when he stared at me and I gazed back at him. Could he smell the scent of my musk in the air? Would he know that I'd only just climaxed on the tip of my new sex toy, the whole time imagining that the synthetic dick was his hot, hard cock, that I was stroking my plump and primed pussy for his pleasure, as well as my own?

Beautiful, blue-eyed Colin set his suitcase down and closed to the door behind him. To my relief, he smiled as he entered the hall. He didn't appear

VARIATIONS

▷ DOMINANT SEXPLAY

surprised at all. In fact, he looked more amused than anything else. Still, I felt my heart fluttering in the cage of my chest.

"I see you've been preparing," was all he said.

"Practicing," I admitted. "I was dying to see how everything would look together."

"Only look?" he teased.

"I couldn't wait," I confessed. I didn't know how to say the words in order to make him understand. The excitement

had been too much for me. I'd needed to feel the clamp, to try on the new panties, to hold the paddle. I'd wanted to experience everything, but of course, I had been fantasizing about him the whole time. I said as much to him, staring at the floor as I let him know that, yes, I'd even slid the clamp on my swollen clit.

"We'll have to take care of that, won't we?" Colin commented, as if he and I were part of a team dedicated to keeping me in line, to putting me in my place. I hung my head. I didn't want to respond to his question; it wasn't the type of query one can easily respond to, anyway. But I know Colin. I understood he'd expect me to agree with him.

Without a word, I headed to the bedroom and retrieved the paddle. This, I'd purchased in response to a rhyme about heat. I knew that's what was going to happen now. Colin was going to heat my ass cheeks. He didn't let me down. He brought me into the living room and bent me over his lap. Admiring my heart-shaped cheeks through the nightie, he

let the paddle smack against my butt. I didn't cry out at first. The nightie and the panties muffled the initial few blows. It was only when Colin pushed me aside and went looking for the rest of the presents did I take the opportunity to rub my smarting rear end and sigh. Colin had done what he always did, turned me on with the right amount of pain to spark a flood of pleasure. I was dripping wet, making those panties as damp as he'd requested in the rhyme.

When he returned, he had all my remaining gear: the cuffs and the sex toy. Now we had everything. He told me how pleased he was that I'd followed his rules to a "T." Then he undressed me and cuffed my wrists at my back. I was teetering in those high heels, collar in place, as Colin ran the tip of the vibe all over my skin. He said he'd manhandled himself in the hotel every night, imagining me shopping to please him, choosing the items he had in mind. "I saw you," he said, "without seeing you, obviously. But I imagined you obeying, pictured you doing every last thing I requested."

He sat and pulled me across his lap once more, situating me so that my clamped clit was pressed against his knee, and my body felt warm all over with electric shivers. I was on the cusp of coming, on the edge of ecstasy. The spanking—I knew he was going to give me a real spanking—would only intensify those sensations.

He used the paddle again, but this time on my naked skin. I felt the solid sting of the wood, the bite against my nude bottom. Colin verbally appreciated the changing hues the paddle brought to the surface of my skin: the blush pink, the deeper rose. He admired me, then bent and kissed my feverish flesh.

"That's for starting without me," he said, palming my hot globes. "But then, I can't actually fault you when I couldn't hold off either, can I?"

Well, yes, he could. Because he is the dominant and I am the submissive. I said

**"I CAME LIKE A
WILD THING,
CRYING OUT HIS
NAME AND
SQUEEZING HIS
DICK TIGHT."**





as much, in the best way I was able, and he laughed because I had answered the question correctly.

He took the clamp off my clit, making a tsk sound, I guessed because I was the one to put it on rather than him. Yet he seemed to appreciate my story of how I'd bought the device; the fact that I'd asked the saleslady for her opinion clearly delighted him. In fact, he wanted me to tell him all of my experiences, how the women had shot me slightly evil glances as I'd paraded in the towering high heels, how I'd become something of a regular the past few days at the local sex toy store. Every part of my stories turned him, but none so much as the final one.

"I didn't realize you would be coming home early," I said. My voice sounded sultry and slightly sheepish simultaneously.

"I figured that out myself," Colin said, gently stroking my hot ass as a reminder

of my recent punishment.

"But I wanted to see what I would look like, to know how everything would feel."

"How did it feel?" he asked.

"Nothing like being with you," I told him.

"I can pretend, but it's not the same."

"Tell me why."

"Because you make it all connect." That was the truth. He'd sent me on a sexual scavenger hunt for the individual pieces. But he had been the missing element. I'd needed his stern voice, his total control, his sensual commands to take me over the top.

Colin cradled me against him. I felt how hard my words had made him. He gave me the final reward of the night, stripping and then thrusting his rigid rod inside my slippery hole, giving me that thick, hard dick as the icing on my cake, the lace on my valentine.

When I was on the cusp, he grabbed the discarded vibrator and ran that over

my clit as he pummeled me. I came like a wild thing, crying out his name and squeezing his dick so tight with my inner muscles that he climaxed with me. I don't know if he'd been trying to hold on, to hold out, but he bellowed his bliss as he filled me up.

Then we were finally satiated—satisfied and relieved. All the effort, all the items, the rhymes and schemes, had been worth every second. I couldn't remember having felt this loved before. Colin knew me inside and out.

"What was your favorite present?" he asked as I lay, near purring, in his arms. I thought for only a second, the answer springing to my lips. "You," I said. "You're the best Valentine's Day gift any girl could ever hope for."

"Good answer," he said, as he bent to kiss me. We were like two parts of a paper heart, intimately connected, forever entwined. ◊



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

BADASS BOOTS

Sammi wears big, black boots. And she does it on purpose. She, in fact, has a whole collection of them. They're all slightly different, but they're all tall, tight, and badass. And they all make my dick hard.

The last time she wore boots, she walked into my office, dropped her purse on the chair, stood very close to me, and said, "I'd like you to take me to lunch."

She put a boot up on the lip of my wastebasket, and I felt my cock stiffen.

"I told you this morning that today is a bad day. I have a lot going on. I only have an hour before that big meeting with—"

"Now," she said. She had nothing in her hand, but she smacked her palm against her thigh and my dick jerked in my pants.

I stood. "I only have—"

"We'll use the time we have," she insisted. She glanced at the clock and then at me. "And because I'm kind, I'll assure you that you'll be back in one hour. Exactly."

I took her arm and out we walked.

Her in her patterned leggings, tasteful sweater, and tall, black boots.

My secretary looked at her with a disapproving expression, but I saw the men in the office practically drooling.

Those high-heeled boots made her ass swing more than normal when she walked. But even with more demure footwear, the swing on that ass was anything but normal.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"We're going wherever I say we're going."

My hand strayed to the front of my pants. What I really wanted to do was get my cock in my hand and rub one out on those boots of hers. And Sammi damn well knew it.

"Don't you dare," she said, steel in her voice, as she strode across the parking lot to her car.

She hit the key fob and unlocked the doors. I shoved my hands in my pockets but made sure to keep them still. She'd be watching, no doubt about it.

I got in and then she started the car and headed to the mall.

"Are we going to the food court?"

"Nope."

"Are we—"

"Hush," she said. "You'll see when you see."

I nodded and watched her long, lean leg move as she drove. Every time she pressed the brake or switched pedals to accelerate, her calf flexed beneath that patent leather and I thought I might come in my pants.

She glanced at the clock and smiled. "Plenty of time."

We parked in the corner of the fourth level of the garage, and I had no idea what she was thinking. Even so, I followed along when she got out and waved me toward the stairwell. We headed down with her in front. I watched her ass sway as she walked, and I tried to think about anything but burying my cock in her cunt. I failed.

On the third floor she opened a door, and I said, "Uh, that's not the entrance to the mall."

Through the doorway was an odd, grungy triangular room which was merely the space between the door we'd just used and three other doors that were clearly for employees. I watched her test them; they were all locked.

"I know that," she said with some irritation. "I made a wrong turn in here the other day and found the room...quaint."

I looked around and nearly laughed. Quaint? It looked like something from a horror movie.

She turned to face me. She smiled, brushing a strand of blonde hair out of her face. "Do you like it, baby?"

"I—"

She tapped the toe of one of her boots against the stained concrete; it was like she'd jerked on a string that was attached to my dick.

"It's great," I said. Because if it meant I'd get off, then it was great.

She pointed to the floor. "Kneel."

I dropped to my knees, thinking, *Fuck my pants*. Fuck it that there'd be oil stains on my clothes for the meeting. Fuck the fact that any one of the doors



“I TRIED TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING BUT BURYING MY COCK IN HER CUNT. I FAILED.”

that surrounded us could open at any moment.

She curled a finger at me, and I shuffled forward on my knees. She put the toe of her boot on my shoulder, and the motion opened her legs right in front of my face. I could smell her arousal through her taut leggings. I could also see through them, thanks to the blinding overhead fluorescents and thin material. She was bare beneath the black patterned fabric.

“You’re going to eat my pussy. And you’re going to eat it well. Do you understand?” She tapped the toe of her boot, and it seemed to vibrate through me. I moaned softly.

She moved her leg, and she pulled her leggings down to her knees. She let her thighs part, and when I leaned forward to lick her, she tsked. “Scoot closer. Put your hands on the floor while you eat me.”

My heart plummeted, but my dick ached. I knew where she was going with this.

I did as she ordered, moving forward on my knees before leaning a bit to rest my hands on the floor as I buried my face between her legs.

“Eat me,” she hissed. I lapped at her, sucking her clit gently before going back to long, lazy swipes. I tasted the sweet ocean tang of her pussy. She stood before me in a narrow, strong stance.

“Harder,” she hissed.



I used more force as I lapped at her. My dick jerked in my pants, and I’d have given a million dollars to touch it. But Sammi stopped that thought by nudging the toes of her boots over the tips of my fingers. She stood on them just hard enough to make them throb but not do any damage.

“Lick, boy,” she said and tapped my forehead with her finger.

I licked. I lapped at her and swirled my tongue around the tight knot of her clit. I stuck the rigid tip of my tongue in her pussy, gathering her cream. I went back to lapping as her hips shot forward and her fingers tugged my hair.

I found myself humping the air, the bite of her big, black boots making my balls ache with wanting to come.

When she climaxed, Sammi pulled my hair so hard that tears flooded my eyes. I started to sit back on my haunches, but she shook her head. “No, no, big boy. One more.”

I leaned in and went back to work. The second orgasm was always fast

and hard, especially if I gave her clit a break and went slow and gentle for a few minutes. I gave her lazy whirls and loops and licks. I breathed on her pussy so the heat of my exhalations could be felt.

“Mmm...” She rocked her pelvis forward, beckoning.

That was my cue that she was no longer too sensitive. I continued with my gentle ministrations, but when she banged her mound against my teeth, I took the hint and lapped at her faster and harder until she was coming all over again. Her cries bounced around the weird, small room.

She lifted her toes, and the blood began to flow back into my fingertips. With every heartbeat, they throbbed in time.

Sammi made a point of glancing at her watch. “Better get at it. Ticktock, ticktock.”

I scrambled at my zipper, willing my fingers to work properly. When I finally got myself free, I gripped my shaft tight and began to stroke. There was no

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

time to waste and no time for finesse. I jacked my cock hard and stared at the shiny shaft of the patent leather boots. I pictured my cream painting them with pearlescent streaks. I pictured her boots on my fingertips and felt the resounding, aching throb of their recovery.

Sammi nudged my cockhead with her toe. I moaned, and she laughed before doing it again.

"Don't you want to see your come all over my pretty boots? Don't you want

**"I MOANED AND
SUCKED HIS COCK
TO DISTRACT
MYSELF FROM
THE WAND'S
INTENSITY."**

to lick it up? Because I assure you, you won't be leaving a mess behind."

I moaned again, my hips bucking as I abused myself vigorously. She slowly dragged the toe of her boot along my prick, and I lost it.

I cried out, releasing a gasp, as my orgasm hit me fast and hard. I aimed at her shiny boot, letting loose arcs of pearly come. When I was spent, she presented her messy boot with a stomp of her foot.

"Better hurry."

I did my duty, leaning forward, my fingers throbbing against the concrete, and cleaned my load off her boot with my tongue.

Sammi bent over and kissed my nose. "Good boy." She grabbed my tie and tugged upward until I stood. "Put yourself together. You don't want to be late for your meeting, do you?"

-P.M., Charleston, South Carolina



MAGIC WAND

Van walked in with a big brown bag. I assumed it was groceries, or since it was Friday night, possibly a six-pack. Turned out I was wrong on both counts.

"I got you something," he said. When he smiled, a prickle raced along my scalp. I knew that smile. That was a smile that told me to be both excited and wary.

"What is it?"

He set the bag on the counter and walked to the fridge. I flipped the steak in the cast-iron skillet, but my eyes stayed glued to the bag.

"Why don't you look?" he asked, opening a bottle of white wine and pouring out two glasses. I studied the smirk on his face and then returned my eyes to the bag, wondering.

"When I'm done," I said.

"Aw, let me help." He nudged me out of the way and took over the steak. He gave a pointed nod to the bag on the counter and said, "Go."

I moved slowly, as if my feet were encased in cement. But on the inside my heart fluttered, and I felt a growing wetness between my thighs. Whatever was in the bag would be an adventure. And it would test me. That much I knew.

I unrolled the bag and then reached inside without looking. A long package. Could have been anything. I heard Van chuckle and then the sizzle and hiss as he flipped the steak again.

"Don't be shy. Look at it."

I smiled and pulled the box free. My knees went a little weak. It was a high-powered wand vibrator. One we'd watched a video of the week before. I'd marveled, "Those things are too powerful.

I'd never survive one."

Apparently, the goal was for me to survive one.

"I bought it just for you. And we're going to prove you can definitely handle one. Right after dinner."

I put the box back in the bag and helped him set the table. Dinner was slow, and I barely ate. Van, of course, made sure to take his time, compliment the meal, and make it clear how much he enjoyed every morsel. The act was designed to make me suffer and squirm.

It worked.

When he held out a hand to me I took it. The table wasn't cleared and I'd barely eaten, but taking his hand wasn't an option. It was when I stood that I realized how wet my panties had become.

"Hurry up the stairs. You look like you might shatter from anticipation."

I walked up on numb legs with Van close behind me. At the top of the steps, he snagged me around the waist and pulled me back against his body. His cock was hard and pressed to my asscrack; his warm lips came down on the back of my neck.

I relaxed into him, and that was my mistake. There was a barely muffled crack as he delivered a smack to my ass through my jeans.

"Get in there."

I went into the bedroom and let him undress me. I stood still and felt a shiver work up the back of my legs as he removed my clothing.

"Get on the bed, love."

I dropped to the mattress, and he stared down at me, dark gray eyes stormy with lust. His big cock tented his trousers, and I wanted to reach out and touch it but didn't. We were fully in a place of "do what you are told and nothing else."

He went to the walk-in closet, and my eyes tracked him, though my body stayed still. He came out of the closet with two lengths of rope.

"Knees up, high as you can."

I had a good idea of what he had in mind. The thought of being exposed, at his mercy and that of the high-powered wand, was terrifying and beautiful and intoxicating. I put my knees up high and felt more moisture escape my shameless cunt.

He bound my left leg first, winding the rough rope around my leg as he tethered my thigh to my calf so I couldn't straighten my leg. Then he repeated the same move on the other side. Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. Utterly exposed to him. My arousal completely visible for him to see.

He slipped a finger inside me, and my body tightened. I was anxious; I wouldn't lie. But I was also wetter than wet.

"You need to relax, love. It's a harmless little toy. I know your body. I'll only push you as far as you're capable of being pushed."

I nodded along with his words as he thrust his finger deep inside me and then withdrew it slowly, before thrusting in again. He knelt by the side of the bed

and hauled me forward until my hips were level with the edge of the mattress. Then he put his mouth on me, giving me a few swift swipes of his tongue, but not enough to get me off. Just enough to make me whimper.

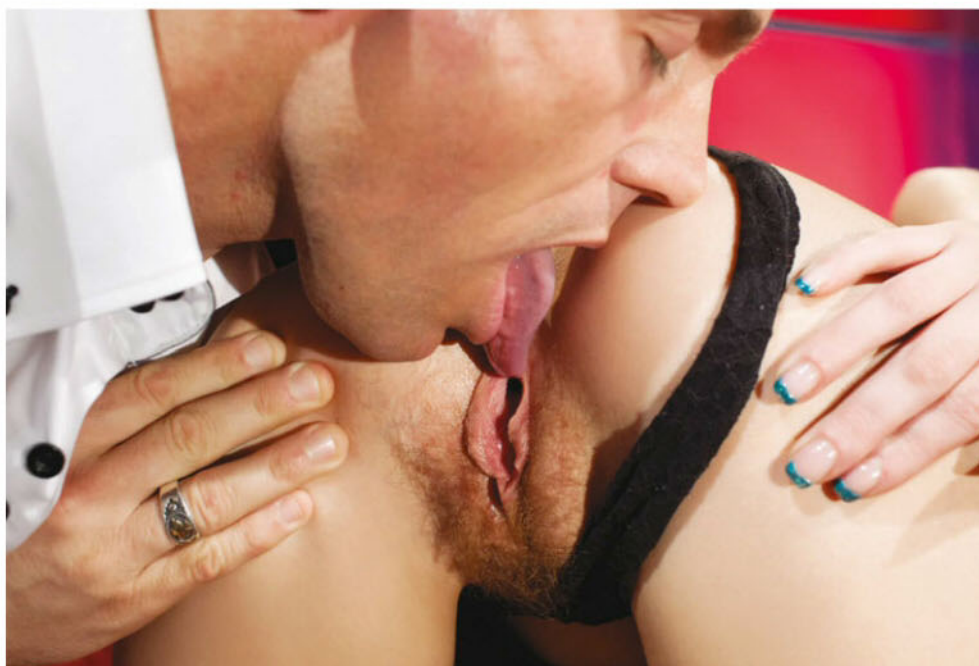
"Oops," Van said, winking at me. "We forgot the present. I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere." Then he laughed at his own joke.

I sobbed desperately because all I wanted to do was to use my fingers and get myself off as I lay there spread and bound. But that was a no-no, so I gripped the soft bedding in my fists instead.

I heard Van's footsteps on the stairs, and my heart thumped. He walked into the room with the wand. "I gave it a quick clean, and it's ready to roll. Are you, doll face?"

I didn't know what to say. Part of me was and part of me wasn't. He knelt to look at my cunt, staring directly at the part of me that was definitely ready.

"I'd say yes. The rest is just mental." He plugged in the wand and hit its switch.



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



The instrument was on the lowest setting. To my nervous ears, it still sounded like a buzz saw. My body bucked involuntarily, and he laughed. "Just breathe. Or better yet. Don't."

He put the wand on the bed for a moment, and I felt its strong vibration shudder through the mattress. Van took off his jeans and then his boxer briefs. His cock sprang free, big, hard, and ready.

He got up on the bed next to me, his dick level with my mouth, and said, "Open." But my mouth had sprung open before he'd even spoken.

He played his cockhead along my lips like he was applying lip gloss. He picked up the wand and pressed it to my mound. Just enough so that I felt the vibrations rocket through my body. I moaned and sucked his cock to distract myself from the wand's intensity. I slipped my lips along his shaft as he thrust down into my mouth and throat.

The act cut off my air, shut off my anxiety, and then he was touching—just barely—the wand's head to my clit. I jumped, but the pleasure that slammed me fast and hard

was very real and very intense.

"That's my girl. See, not so bad. Suck my cock. Breathe. Focus..."

I did. My thighs and ass ached from being bound, my hands itched to move and grasp and hold him. But I stayed there like a good girl, letting him fuck my mouth, letting him slowly but surely apply the head of the high-speed wand to my delicate pussy so that pleasure and vibrations tore through me at lightning speed.

"I want you to come the moment you feel your orgasm creeping up on you."

That was an unusual spin, and I nodded my agreement as he fucked my mouth. He pushed the wand down a little more so that it was on my clit. Direct contact. I inhaled and tried to breathe. The vibrations worked through my hips and my belly, shaking my insides.

He reached down and pinched my nipple—hard. I sobbed. He pushed the wand more forcefully against me and drove into my throat, and when I came, the sound was stifled by his dick.

The rumbling wand hit the floor, and

he pulled out of my mouth. He slid me to the middle of the bed, insinuated himself between my thighs and drove into me. His dark eyes now looking even darker.

"See that, you survived. You survived. You came. Hard, might I add. And now, now I get to fuck you within an inch of your life."

He drove into me over and over again, and my pussy greedily milked him. I came with another shout because he hadn't told me I couldn't. Van growled. "I love that fucking sound," he said, climaxing a split second later.

He nuzzled my neck, and I felt him start to work the knot near my thigh to free me. "Next time," he said, biting me hard enough to make me hiss, "we turn it up to the next level."

—J.D., Houston, Texas

LAUNDRY DAY

I share a house with a great guy named Chuck. It's a pretty big space, so we can each have privacy when we want it. However, since we're both single and hit it off from the get-go, we don't often sequester ourselves. In fact, I'd sensed a connection between the two of us from the beginning, and I think we each went out of our way to bump into one another. And as the days and weeks passed, our attraction only grew stronger. Last weekend, our mutual lust became too strong to ignore.

The basement is one of the spaces we share. I'd gone down there last Saturday to do laundry. I'm a total creature of habit, so Chuck had to have known the exact time I'd be down there sorting my colors and whites. Still, I was startled to see him napping on the couch, bare chested and looking yummy. I was so distracted by thoughts of running my tongue along his chiseled abs that I didn't look where I was going. I bumped into the end table, dropping my basket and swearing loud enough to

“HIS HAND WENT INTO MY HAIR, AND HE GRIPPED IT TIGHT, PULLING ME DOWN ONTO HIS COCK.”

rouse my roomie from his slumber.

“Hey,” he said in greeting, looking bleary-eyed and adorable.

“What are you doing down here?” I asked, bending down to gather my clothes, which were now scattered all over the floor.

“Oh, I was reading a book and must’ve fallen asleep,” he said unconvincingly. I didn’t see a book anywhere. He rolled off the couch to help me, picking up a pair of pink silk bikinis. He didn’t drop them in my basket. Instead, he held them and rubbed his thumb against the soft, smooth fabric.

Time seemed to stop as I imagined him lowering my cutoffs and running his thumb across the very undies I was wearing. The swish-swish-swish of his fingers against the panties made my pussy go wet. I wanted to ask him what he was doing, but I was at a loss for words.

“These are real pretty,” Chuck said, his appreciation for my panties making his voice raspy. His sexy timbre made goose bumps spring up all over my body. He looked directly at me, his gaze meeting mine. His eyes seemed to glow with erotic hunger, the likes of which I’d never before seen. “What kind of panties are you wearing today?”

My mouth dropped open. It suddenly seemed about 20 degrees hotter in the room. My cheeks felt flushed; I finally found my voice and answered him. “Peach,” was all I could manage to utter.



“Can I see?” he asked, the corner of his lips turning up in a smirk I found irresistible.

Without thinking, I stood and unzipped my shorts, slowly lowering the denim to reveal my pretty peach panties. Chuck crawled closer to me and pushed his handsome face up against my silk-covered crotch. He breathed in deeply and growled, making me shiver.

“Beautiful,” he murmured before lapping at my split. I cried out at that first contact. Chuck pushed his hot, wet tongue against me—hard. The damp silk clung to my clit as he grabbed hold of my hips and sucked me madly. I widened my stance, trying to keep my balance as Chuck’s aggressive pussy-eating made me cry out with the quickest and most intense orgasm I’d

ever experienced in my life.

I was still gasping and shaking when Chuck stood up, stripped me, and bent me over the couch. In no time, he had his pants down and his dick deep in me. His hand went into my hair, and he gripped it tight, pulling me down onto his cock until we both came explosively.

He’s definitely the best housemate I’ve ever had.

—R.W., via email

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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